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\$3.00 A YEAR**CHRONICLE**

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Serbia is the only theater of the war in which anything of importance is reported to have taken place, and even here military developments have begun

Bulletin, Nov. 9, p. m.-Nov. 16, a. m. to slacken. On the western Montenegrin border, the Austrians apparently have made no progress. In Serbia

the entire Austro-German line has been moved further south, the Austrians having advanced from Ivanjica, and the Germans from Kralievo and Krusevac, but in neither case has the advance been extensive. On the east the Bulgarians have driven the Serbians out of

The Campaign in Serbia

Leskovac, south of Nish, and are reported to have reached Kalkandelen, to the west of Uskub, in their efforts to cut off the retreat of the Serbians westward towards Albania. This report, however, is contradicted by the Serbian statement that their line runs south from Gilan through Kikanic to the Babuna Pass. This much is certain, that the Bulgarian attempt to outflank the Serbian army has not yet succeeded; for the latter is still intact, and although steadily retreating is disputing every step. Undoubtedly the Serbians are helped by the fact that the invaders have now reached the mountainous country and are experiencing constantly increasing natural difficulties.

Another factor in the success of their resistance has been the increased pressure which the Serbians and the Allies are exerting on the Bulgarians in the south. Here, according to reports, the Bulgarians have been engaged by strong forces and have been obliged to fall back from Krivolac to the immediate vicinity of Kruprili. In Southern Serbia, however, although the Allies have been on the offensive, and for the most part have had the

advantage of the week's fighting, no decisive change has been reported in the military situation.

On Tuesday, November 9, about the hour of noon, the Ancona, an Italian steamer, bound from Naples for New York, with a long passenger list, made up largely

Sinking of the Ancona

of women and children, was sunk off the coast of Sardinia. Reports of the sinking are still rather confused, but 208 people, among them nine American citizens, are believed to have been lost. The accounts given up to the present by survivors, while differing in details, are agreed that the submarine was flying an Austrian flag, that without warning she opened fire from guns mounted on her deck, that some time was given passengers to get into the boats, but before all were able to do so, a torpedo was discharged and the Ancona with those still on board soon disappeared. In Rome the Italian War Office said:

The Ancona did not attempt to escape, but stopped within 300 yards after the firing of the first shot. The liner was torpedoed while boats were being lowered and 100 passengers were still on board. The submarine being German, Germany opened hostilities against Italy without a declaration of war.

In a note to the Powers Italy says the same, but omits the statement that the submarine was German. The Austrian Admiralty has assumed full responsibility for the act, and has issued the following statement:

The submarine fired a warning shot across the bows of the Ancona, whereupon the steamer went full speed ahead. . . . The escaping vessel was pursued by the submarine and fired at and she stopped only after she was hit several times. Forty-five minutes were allowed to the passengers and crew to leave the ship. . . . In spite of the time allowed the passengers and crew to get into the boats only a few of the boats were lowered and manned. This was due mainly to the action of members of the crew, who hastily rowed away. A great proportion of the lifeboats, which probably would have been sufficient to save all on board the Ancona, were unoccupied. After some fifty

minutes the submarine was obliged to submerge before a rapidly approaching vessel. She therefore torpedoed the steamer, which after another forty-five minutes sank. It is a gross invention to state that the submarine fired at the boats filled with people and on those swimming on the surface of the water.

The Captain of the Ancona is said to have given his affidavit that the submarine was German and that absolutely no warning was given before the attack.

In Greece the King has taken a step which M. Venizelos is reported to have declared unconstitutional. The new Premier, M. Skouldoudis, refused to enter the

*Greek Parliament
Dissolved*

Chambers unless assured of a vote of confidence. This vote M. Venizelos declined to pledge, because the Cabinet would not insist on the resignation of the War Minister who gave the offence which was the occasion of the fall of the last Cabinet. The King thereupon dissolved Parliament and ordered a general election to take place December 19. As a general mobilization has also been ordered which will keep the majority of voters from the polls, considerable feeling has been manifested throughout Greece, although the Chambers acquiesced more readily than was expected.

Austria-Hungary.—The subscriptions for the third Austrian war loan have exceeded expectations. By November 10 they had already risen to 4,015,000,000 crowns. A great spirit of sacrifice

War Loan and Clergy was shown by the ordinary bank depositors and the owners of land. The only class slow to contribute according to its means was that which is represented in particular by the directors of banks and great industrial enterprises. The very men whom the war is enriching are apparently the most loath to contribute their due share. Especial attention is called on the other hand to the energetic support given by the clergy. In printing the appeal of the Government authorities the diocesan paper of Vienna says: "In the spirit of this appeal the diocesan clergy is directed to help in the promotion of the third war loan with the same unwearied zeal which they manifested in connection with the first and second loans. They should do this by personally setting an example of generosity, and likewise subscribing to the utmost extent possible the means of the Church, of Church corporations and foundations, as far as these means can be disposed of for such a purpose. They should, moreover, with all possible earnestness urge the faithful, in an effective manner, to subscribe to the loan." The new war loan is advertised at the rate of five and a half per cent. The money loaned is to be repaid on October 1, 1930, the Government reserving for itself the right of anticipating this date on a three months' notice.

China.—Well-founded rumors that China was soon to change its form of government to a monarchy caused such concern last month to Japan, Great Britain, and

*A Protest and
Its Answer*

Russia that diplomats of those Powers made representations to the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

They pointed out that

The proclamation of a monarchy, while it would not alter the existing state of things generally, might very likely lead to disorders, owing to the strong republican party in different parts of China. They said that if disorders occurred, foreign interests would inevitably suffer, especially the missionary interests, and, consequently, they hoped that while the European war lasted no change would be made in the name or the title of the Chinese Government. They fully recognized the fact that the existing Government under Yuan Shih-kai formed the best guarantee for the preservation of order.

On November 1, however, the Minister, after politely thanking the Powers for their extraordinary interest in his country, assured them that the question was purely an internal one and as the movement was the outcome of popular sentiment, the Chinese Government could not suspend, delay or expedite the change. But he promised that there would be no disorders unless attempts were made to prevent the restoration of the monarchy. On November 4 eleven out of the eighteen provinces of China unanimously voted for the change, and later it was reported that the President intended to have himself proclaimed Emperor on November 10. Shortly before that date, however, a formal announcement was made that no change in China's government would take place this year, so it appears that the protest of the three Powers had some effect after all. Nevertheless, as President Yuan Shih-kai, the "strong man of China," is already king in all but the name, his people seem to desire an undisguised monarchy and that adequate provision be made for its maintenance after Yuan's death.

France.—The "inspectors of labor" recently reported the result of their investigations of 37,380 establishments employing, under normal conditions, 1,286,411 men. In

Resumption of Work August, 1914, more than half these establishments were closed in consequence of the mobilization; only 18,180, i. e., 49 per cent, remained open; the percentage of active establishments rose to 57 in October, to 70 in January, to 73 in April. In July last 29,465, i. e., 79 per cent, were active.

In August, 1914, the personnel of these establishments was but 35 per cent of the normal force; in October it was 59 per cent; in April, 64 per cent; in July, 1915, there were employed 885,341 men, i. e., 69 per cent of the normal number. If the number of mobilized workmen be thrown out of consideration, some 24 per cent of the whole personnel, the proportion of men out of work in July, 1915, was 7 per cent, as against 12 per cent in April, 18 per cent in January, 30 per cent in October, and 41 per cent in August. Establishments in the South seem most active. The following are citations from the reports of inspectors of two important cities. Bordeaux: "Not only are there no unemployed, but the

workshops and yards have been forced to appeal in a large measure to foreign handicraft." Toulouse: "Economic situation has not ceased to improve on the whole; the numerous industries which are working for the army are experiencing exceptional prosperity at the present moment, and the situation of the other industries, as well as that of commerce, leaves a favorable average impression." In general economic conditions seemed to have improved throughout the country.

Some late numbers of the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* contain interesting statistics about the population of France, and other European nations. In 1850 the population of France exceeded that of Germany; in 1913 France was depopulating an approximate shortage of 18,000,000 people. In 1911 births in Germany exceeded those in France by 1,126,000. Before the war France had nearly 2,000,000 childless families; there were about 3,000,000 families with one child each, while the number of marriageable celibates had reached 6,000,000. In the years between 1850 and 1900, France gained 3,701,000 inhabitants; Great Britain, 14,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000; Austria, 14,000,000; Russia, 62,000,000; Italy, 8,833,000.

Great Britain.—Foreign observers who have wondered why England has not adopted the policy of conscription fail to understand both the temper of the English people and the industrial conditions of the country. Conscription has never been an English method of recruiting,

and while the course of events seems bringing it nearer, nevertheless even those who urge it realize that unless enforced with the utmost tact and caution, the measure may defeat the purpose aimed at. The needs of English industries form another motive for deferring conscription to the last. Had every Englishman, or a large proportion of men between the ages of nineteen and forty-one not engaged in munition work, left his employment for military service, the industries of the country would have been in a state of chaos within a week. If England must raise a large army, it is likewise necessary that she maintain "business as usual," and it is difficult to decide which is her more important or more necessary task. Yet in spite of the difficulties which will certainly arise, conscription is now felt to be imminent. Speaking in the name of Lord Derby, now in charge of recruiting, the official press bureau "expresses surprise that his [Lord Derby's] statement in the House of Commons on November 2 should be considered ambiguous." The document then proceeds:

The Premier on that occasion pledged not only himself but the Government when he stated that if the young men did not under the stress of national duty come forward voluntarily, other and compulsory means would be taken before married men were called upon to fulfill their engagement to serve.

Lord Derby is further authorized to state definitely that if

young men medically fit and not indispensable to any business of national importance or any business connected with the general good of the community, do not come forward voluntarily before November 30, the Government after that date will take the necessary steps to redeem the pledge made on November 2. . . . Whether a man is indispensable to his business is to be decided by the competent authorities.

Lord Derby's original scheme, which called for 30,000 recruits weekly, is said to have been successful, but in spite of this, it is thought that conscription is plainly foretold in this official announcement. That the young, unmarried men of England must either volunteer now or be conscripted after November 30, seems to be the general opinion.

The War Council consisting of five members has been appointed. These are, besides the Premier, A. J. Balfour, David Lloyd George, Andrew Bonar Law and Reginald McKenna. Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and former First Lord of the Admiralty, has resigned his post and will join his regiment. In his letter of resignation Mr. Churchill says, referring to his exclusion from the Council, that he could not accept a position of general responsibility for a war policy, without any effective share in its guidance or control.

Ireland.—Statistics of population are appearing frequently these days in the Irish papers, and they make sad reading indeed. These figures are approximate only, and are not as a consequence entirely balanced. In 1841 the population of the country was 8,196,000, in 1915 it is 4,300,000. In Munster the population had fallen from 2,404,000 in 1841 to 1,035,000 in 1911; in Connaught, from 1,420,000 to 610,000; in Ulster, from 2,390,000 to 1,580,000; in Leinster, from 1,982,000 to 1,160,000. Munster is the heaviest loser. Today Kerry has but one-half of the population of 1841, 160,000 against 295,000; Waterford has lost three men and women out of every four; in 1841 it had almost 200,000 people, today it has 56,000; Tipperary has fallen from 435,000 to 152,000; Clare, from 285,000 to 104,000; Cork, from 854,000 to 315,000; Limerick, from 330,000 to 104,000. Seventy years ago Ulster had nearly 2,500,000 people, today it has 1,500,000. In that time Antrim has fallen from 355,000 to 193,000; Down, from 368,000 to 204,000; Armagh, from 232,000 to 120,000; Cavan, from 243,000 to 91,000; Tyrone, from 312,000 to 142,000; Derry, from 222,000 to 99,000; Donegal, from 296,000 to 168,000; Fermanagh, from 156,000 to 61,000; Monaghan, from 200,000 to 71,000. The loss in Connaught is still greater; Galway once had 440,000, it now has 182,000; Mayo has dropped from 388,000 to 192,000; Sligo, from 180,000 to 79,000; Roscommon, from 253,000 to 93,000; Leitrim, from 155,000 to 63,000. The Province of

Leinster is almost as badly off. Wexford has fallen from 202,000 to 102,000; Kilkenny, from 202,000 to 74,000; Carlow, from 86,000 to 36,000; Longford, from 115,000 to 43,000; Queens County, from 153,000 to 54,000; King's County, from 146,000 to 56,000; Westmeath, from 141,000 to 59,000; Louth, from 128,000 to 63,000; Meath, from 183,000 to 65,000; Wicklow, from 126,000 to 60,000; Kildare, from 114,000 to 66,000; Dublin, from 372,000 to 172,000.

These conditions have given rise to new and vigorous discussion about recruiting. A minister of Drumquin, Tyrone, has prepared the following table for controversial purposes:

	Great Britain.	Ireland. Total.	Pro-testants.	Catholics.
1. Total for 62 weeks...	2,119,000	81,408	36,719	44,689
2. Average per week...	34,177	1,313	592	721
Recruits per Million of Population.				
3. Total for 62 weeks...	52,975	20,352	36,719	14,896
4. Average per week...	854	328	592	240
Percentage per Million.				
5. Percentages.	100	38	69	28

A letter in the *Irish Times* speaks of the table as "more ingenious than ingenuous," and *New Ireland* points out that the figures, 81,000 are incomplete, since they do not include any branch of the service except the infantry, thus excluding "cavalry, artillery, army service corps, army medical corps, engineers, and all the other services." The same paper judges that 30,000 or 40,000 should be added to the Irish recruits listed in the table, and for this and other reasons proceeds to denounce the comparison between the Catholic and Protestant recruits as unfair.

Mexico.—Apparently Carranza's promise of religious freedom was not intended to be binding in Yucatan. Persecution still continues there; the Cathedral has not

Continued Persecution; the Week's News been restored to Divine worship; on the contrary, it has been stripped of much of its furniture; four more priests have been expelled; rural parishes have been closed, and their pastors have been concentrated in Merida; more than 200,000 Catholics are without Mass and the Sacraments. The house of the Teresians, at Leon, has been confiscated; protests to the Governor brought forth this impudent reply: "You may protest wheresoever you like." One strutting Carranzista has declared himself "master of life and property." Meantime a near relative of Carranza is "dropping in" on Catholic institutions; confiscation follows the visit. Our Red Cross agent has returned to the States and the press has printed this statement from him:

Conditions in Mexico City are appalling. The women and children are starving, the death rate is exceedingly high, and it is difficult to get food. I have seen women, children and dogs digging in the same garbage cans for a bite of food, while in the outskirts of the city I have seen these poor creatures without a

morsel of food and living wholly on pigweed, alfalfa and parts of the century plant.

Continuing, this gentleman said that the death rate is four times above the normal; manufacturing is practically at a standstill; business in shops, hotels, restaurants, and so on, is at the lowest ebb. Not many days ago courtesies were passed between our State Department and the Carranzista agency. The agency asserted that the United States had turned over to Carranza the customs collected at Vera Cruz, and would not press Mexico for the settlement of claims, until that country was financially established. Both assertions were repudiated at our State Department as false and unwarranted. Evidently our officials were somewhat embarrassed by this lapse from the standard of honesty and diplomatic etiquette. Meantime, if dispatches be true, Villa is meditating vengeance. The *Washington Post* of November 10 states that he is minded to tell a tale of woe to the effect that he has been deserted in the hour of defeat by "United States Government officials, court officials and prominent border and New Mexico Americans," to whom he paid \$1,500,000 for protection and help of various kinds.

In answer to accusations made against them the Mexican Archbishops and Bishops have once again restated their mind. Their apology is in part as follows:

Neither Don Venustiano Carranza nor any other person need have a fear that Mexican bishops and clergy may be an obstacle to the restoration of peace in Mexico, since such restoration has been the aim of all our work, writings, prayers and exhortations to the Faithful during these last years of civil war in our unhappy country. We are longing to work among our people in behalf of the great task of assuaging the misfortunes of our country and of cooperating through our apostolic ministry for the cementing of national peace and prosperity. We can assert that we never contributed either by our sermons or by our writings, either secretly or publicly, and far less financially, to overthrow D. Francisco Madero's government for we recognized him as a legitimate ruler. On the contrary we are able to prove by trustworthy documents that the Mexican episcopacy condemned every uprising against that unfortunate President. We are quite sure of having conscientiously fulfilled our duties during the revolution; we have not violated, even in the least, the laws of our country and we do not fear any accusation against us. If we fled from Mexico, it was to avoid being a burden to our people, because heavy exactions would have been imposed upon us and as we would not be able to pay them, our people would have had to do so in order to release us from jail and from other vexations which would dangerously rouse the feelings of the people as in the case of the prelates of Durango, Tepic, Tehuantepec and Vera Cruz. No one ignores these facts, they were publicly known, also the terrible threats made against us as well as the exorbitant taxes levied on some bishops in spite of their lack of money. Our behavior toward Gen. Huerta's government cannot be blamed as criminal and delinquent, because it was a merely passive attitude, avoiding any interference in political affairs. It is very much outside of our mission of peace to foster uprisings or to support an armed opposition.

The chronicle of next week's issue of *AMERICA* will contain an account of the trial and execution of Granados.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Wine, Cana, the Mass

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Now that Prohibition is so much discussed, an answer to the following questions would be pertinent: Was the wine obtained by the miracle of Cana, real fermented wine? Was the wine used by Christ at the Last Supper fermented wine, and was this kind of wine used for the Mass in the early Church?

Rochester, N. Y.

J. R.

THE questions proposed are: (1) Was the wine obtained by the miracle at Cana real fermented wine? (2) Was the wine used by Christ at the Last Supper fermented wine; and was this kind of wine used for the Mass in the early Church?

The moral and religious issue involved in these questions is now of grave concern to Christians at large and to Catholics in particular. The State of Arizona has recently adopted among its fundamental laws one which prohibits absolutely the use of any fermented beverage. But such legislation cannot manifestly be just and binding in conscience if it reflects on what Christ did at Cana and stands in direct opposition to what He ordained at the Last Supper and ever since has been carried out by His Church. Hence it behooves us to answer briefly the questions proposed. As to the first, the exact kind of wine which Jesus miraculously supplied at Cana can be easily ascertained by taking into account the various particulars bearing on it which are found in St. John's narrative, ii: 1-11. The reader is therein told of a "marriage," at which the Mother of Jesus was present and to which Jesus also was invited, together with His disciples. The very mention of a marriage intimates one of those joyful occasions when the Jews of old considered the use of real fermented wine as indispensable to "rejoice men's hearts." It was indeed such "wine" that "failed" at this particular marriage, as is plain from the use here of the Greek word *oinos*, which in its literal sense throughout the New Testament denotes the fermented juice of the grape, and also from the fact that in John ii:10, the master of the feast regards such *oinos* as capable of blunting the palate of the guests at the marriage feast. When the Mother of Jesus tells Him: "They have no wine," she has manifestly in mind the same fermented wine, and delicately asks Jesus to remedy its present deficiency. When in compliance with her confident request, Christ bids the waiters fill up six waterpots with water, one naturally expects that this is for the purpose of supplying the want of real fermented wine already referred to, and this expectation is confirmed by the new direction of Jesus to the waiters that they should "draw out now and carry to the master of the feast." Jesus knew that "the water which had become wine," was a wine of the kind now wanted and fit to stand the test of a man manifestly used to judge

of genuine fermented wine. Having "tasted the water become wine," the master of the feast has no doubt that this is "wine" indeed. Therefore, in addressing the bridegroom, he does not reproach him with supplying a different kind of wine, an unfermented wine which he would naturally deem inferior to the fermented wine already consumed. On the contrary, to his mind, this wine is of a superior quality, one which on this very account would have been served at the beginning of a festival like the present, and which consequently was really fermented like the wine used hitherto. Whoever then examines carefully St. John's narrative of the miracle at Cana, cannot help seeing that the wine obtained by Christ's power at the marriage feast was real fermented wine.

In the second question proposed, we are asked, first: "Was the wine used by Christ at the Last Supper fermented wine?" To this query the following is our brief answer: According to the Gospels, the Last Supper was undoubtedly a Paschal celebration, and one actually prepared after the usual manner among the Jews of the time. This is plain from the fact that on the appointed day, the disciples asked their Master not *how* but "*where* wilt Thou that we prepare to eat the Pasch?" and on having found the place indicated in His answer, "they prepared the Pasch," knowing full well what Jesus meant by His general direction to them: "and there prepare" (Cf. Math. xi: 17-19; Mark xiv: 12-16; Luke xxii: 7-13). That such preparation included a supply of wine, and indeed of fermented wine to be used at the Paschal supper admits of no possible doubt. No other kind of wine was then used by the Jews for the Paschal celebration, and no other kind has been used by them for this purpose to the present day. In fact, no other kind of wine could then be procured, for the Pasch came half a year after the grape harvest, and there is no hint in all the literature of the Jews that they used in Christ's time any device to keep the juice from fermenting.

While reclining at table for His Last Supper, Jesus did not raise any objection to the fermented wine which had been prepared, and no objection can reasonably be supposed to have been raised by Him, for in regard to the use of fermented wine, Christ's conduct was the very opposite of that of His forerunner, John. The son of Zachary rigorously abstained from every fermented beverage, wine included (Cf. Luke i: 15; vii: 33); the Son of Man, on the contrary, "drank" wine, and expressly resented the charge of being a "winebibber" directed against Him on this account by His relentless enemies (Cf. Luke vii: 34). In the eyes of Jesus, the wine poured into the cup at the Last Supper was indeed fermented, for in speaking of "this fruit of the vine" (Cf. Math. xxvi: 29; Mark xiv: 25; Luke xxii: 18), He used the familiar Jewish expression to denote fermented wine both in the Old Testament and in the formula used by the Jews of His time to bless the Paschal cup. Finally, according to Christ's own declaration,

"this fruit of the vine" is to be contrasted not with any other kind of wine, an unfermented wine for instance, that could be obtained on earth, but with the "new" wine to be supplied only in the heavenly bliss where all things will be "new" (Math. xxvi: 29; Mark xiv: 25).

A few words remain to be said anent the last query of the second question proposed, viz.: "Was this wine (i. e., fermented) used for the Mass in the early Church?" In the First Epistle to the Corinthians (x: 14-22), we readily see that the members of the early Church offered to God the Sacrifice of the Mass. In their meetings, they blessed the wine of "the cup of blessing" and broke "the bread" with a view to "communion" with "the blood" and "the body of Christ" (x: 16), and they performed a sacrificial act of Divine worship as did the non-Christian Jews ("Israel according to the flesh") who offered "sacrifices" at their own "altar" (x: 18), and as did the Gentiles who, however, "sacrificed to demons and not to God" (x: 20). Our query, therefore, amounts to this: Was the wine used for "the cup of blessing" real fermented wine? And to this we must decidedly answer: It was that kind of wine. Under the pen of St. Paul, "the cup of blessing" manifestly refers to the cup denoted by this very expression at the Jewish Pasch; the Christians blessed it as the Jews did in their Paschal celebration, and as Jesus had done in the Paschal celebration of His Last Supper; and such identity of both expression and rite evidently points to identity of contents for "the cup of blessing," viz., to real fermented wine. Again, in I Cor. x: 21, the cup which the early Church blessed at Mass, is called by St. Paul: "the cup of the Lord." Now one can easily ascertain the exact meaning of this expression by referring to the next chapter of this very Epistle, where the Apostle again calls "the cup of the Lord" (xi: 27) the cup drunk in the meetings of the early Church. He thus designates this cup after recording the institution of the Holy Eucharist even "as he had delivered it unto the faithful" (x: 23, sqq.), and after concluding his record of Christ's blessing of the cup with these words: "This do ye, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the cup, you shall show the death of the Lord, until He come" (xi: 25, 26). From these words any one can readily see that "the cup of the Lord" wherewith "the death of the Lord" was commemorated at Mass in the early Church was to be identical in respect to contents with the one prepared and used at Christ's Last Supper; fermented wine had to be poured into it, and this was to be observed "until He come," that is, for all future time. The early Church knew that this was the Lord's most express ordinance, and complied with it by using fermented wine for Mass purposes; in the following ages, the same Church ever felt bound to do this and actually did it; and at the present day, she does so, and cannot but feel bound to act this way.

FRANCIS F. GIGOT.

Dunwoodie Seminary, N. Y.

The Ouija Board

WORD comes from St. Louis that a certain "Patience Worth" has produced a small library of poems and plays, aggregating some thirty thousand words. We are assured by no less an authority than a former Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, that these "are of excellent quality." If we are to trust the *St. Louis Times*, "Patience Worth," is "a mystic from spirit-land" who conveys her messages to the "earth plane" through the medium of the Ouija Board, operated by an estimable St. Louis lady. There is some ground of suspecting conscious fraud on the part of the human factor in the phenomena. It may be readily admitted that some thirty thousand words have been registered and duly recorded during the past two years, and that these by reason of their external form may be styled by courtesy, "poems and plays."

But we do seriously question their "excellent quality." The market value of good verse, not to say poetry, is rather high, and a really "excellent" play is a gold mine to those who possess the acting rights. One who has waded through the endless pages of balderdash carefully collected by the Society for Psychical Research and published in their "Proceedings" may be pardoned for doubting the literary merit of any of these "communications from spiritland." Those which are not utterly incoherent or meaningless are banal generalities in colloquial diction inculcating kindness, helpfulness and a vague hope in a still more vague hereafter. In those infrequent cases where there is some display of "the form and pressure of high thought," the result to a literary critic is disappointing. They suggest nothing so much as the outpouring of a shallow school girl in a moment of petty spiritual elation; there is the same cloying sweetness, the same sickly sentimentalism. When we are privileged to read a really meritorious sonnet or a clever bit of dramatic dialogue, the authentic and unaltered product of "Patience Worth" and the Ouija Board, we shall modify our judgment. When a single one of her numerous poetical outpourings passes the test of acceptance by a reputable magazine on its literary merits alone, we shall admit that there is something new in "spirit-messages." But judging by past performances, we are compelled to doubt.

In its outward appearance, the Ouija is a very harmless toy. It may be purchased for a few dollars at almost any toy shop or department store. It consists, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, of a varnished board about the size of a desk blotter on which are painted the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, the ten digits and the words "Yes," "No," and "Goodby." A small triangular table about the size of the extended hand, moves easily over the varnished surface on three legs padded with felt. It is necessary for the operator to lay the tips of the fingers gently on the top of this small table. Any question may then be put and the table

will move over the smooth surface of the board indicating the successive letters which spell the answer. And there you are!

Three theories have been put forth to explain the phenomenon of an intelligent effect from a seemingly inadequate cause. The first of these is natural, the second and third are preternatural in the assigned causality. The first hypothesis, elaborated by the late F. W. H. Myers in the two large volumes of his posthumous and incomplete work "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," is known as the Theory of Subliminal Consciousness. Mr. Myers, who was for some years the President of the Society for Psychical Research, devoted the greater part of his life to the scientific investigation of occult phenomena, patiently pursuing his labors, as he tells us, "*per incertam lunam, sub luce maligna.*" According to this author, many of these strange phenomena are due to the intellectual and volitional activities functioning through speech organs, or nerve and muscle, but not rising to the supraliminal consciousness of the agent. In other words, while the intellect understands and the will acts in accordance with that intelligence, the soul is not conscious of either willing or understanding.

Thus, let us say, the operator of the Ouija Board has mislaid an article of value. The board when questioned, declares the whereabouts of the missing object, and investigation shows the accuracy of the revelation. According to the theory of subliminal consciousness applied to this particular instance, the owner knew consciously at one time where the object was, but subsequently, as we should say, forgot it. According to this theory, however, nothing is ever forgotten; it merely sinks below the threshold of consciousness and gradually loses its power to arise at the bidding of the will. Moreover, we are to believe that there is no experience of sense, however slight; no thought, however fleeting; no passing remark, however unimportant; no phrase or sentence or paragraph, read and seemingly forgotten long ago, which does not pass into the subconscious repository of the soul, ready to be manifested at any time in the same subconscious plane. Thus it is easy to understand how one who had read a deal of poetry or frequented the drama might subconsciously reproduce through the Ouija Board stray fragments of poetic or dramatic form, fused, it may be, into new relations. The intellect subconsciously supplies the thought and language; the will subconsciously guides the table across the board; the operator may with perfect honesty disclaim any conscious agency in the result.

Such an explanation, if admissible, would, of course, place the marvels of the Ouija and its predecessor, the Planchette, within the sphere of purely natural phenomena. The reader may judge for himself whether it is consistent with the testimony of experience or the dictates of reason.

The agency of departed spirits, however, is the ex-

planation of the Ouija Board and kindred phenomena, most commonly urged. From the days of the Fox sisters, in 1848, this belief has been accepted by thousands, and, in spite of countless instances of fraud and charlatanism, has risen to the dignity of a religious creed. The Ouija and Planchette, spirit lights, spirit photography, levitation and materialization, form an ascending scale of extraordinary phenomena upon which this belief is based. That these phenomena do occur, cannot well be doubted; that they are guided by an intelligent causality, seems to be beyond dispute; that this intelligence is extra-mundane, is at least a plausible hypothesis. Is that extra-mundane intelligence, the spirits of the departed? Do they revisit thus the glimpses of the moon, to lead men on with more assured hope to the dawn beyond the night of death? Are their "intents wicked or charitable"?

Here we are confronted by one of the most extraordinary, as it is one of the most significant facts of all the observed phenomena of the occult. *These messages are, for the most part, of the most trivial, lying, contradictory or even blasphemous character!* There is no more doubt of this circumstance than there is of the objective reality of the phenomena themselves. It may be verified alike from the admissions of sincere investigators and from the many volumes of the "Proceedings." "If we are to learn anything of goodness and truth beyond the grave," declares one disillusioned investigator, "it must be from other sources than the tramps and frauds and liars who frequent the tables of the *séance*."

Now the messages of the Ouija are, as a rule, trivial, rather than evil in their purport. But we cannot accept the belief that souls detained in the cleansing fires of purgatory could engage in the Puck-like nonsense and silly revelations associated with the Ouija. Even more shocking would it be to assume that souls in the enjoyment of the Vision of God, could stoop to the fooleries of locating a hidden bracelet, or revealing the love secrets of an embarrassed girl. We are forced then to the reluctant conclusion, that if these messages are from the souls of the departed, they are the voices of those who have "no inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God," whose end is destruction and whose hands drag down to hell.

Finally, for those who reject both of these explanations, there remains the only alternative of direct demonic origin. It is "Satan transforming himself into an angel of light"; the enemy of God and man in the harmless guise of an innocent parlor amusement. Such an explanation is at least in perfect accord with the history of the Old and New Testament and with the spirit of the Church praying for protection against the powers of hell "wandering through the world, seeking the destruction of souls." If the Ouija Board is the least harmful of these means of destruction, may it not, by reason of its easy accessibility and seeming innocence, be one of the most insidious? It leads to more daring experiments in the dark ways of Spiritism; it appeals to

the latent curiosity of all men to venture into strange paths; its final end is the substitution for that Faith which is "the evidence of things not seen," the alluring evidence of sensible wonders. And the dark road of Spiritism leads in countless instances to infidelity, suicide or the madhouse.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

What Women Wanted

THE post-election agitation in favor of votes for women makes pertinent a discussion of an article in a recent issue of a popular magazine, by Mrs. Forbes-Robertson. The article, which is the author's version of the book "What Women Want," is well calculated to win adherents to Feminism, providing its perusers accept without earnest question, Mrs. Hale's various statements. A good pinch of reflection, however, serves to explode her airy doctrine.

Were it true that the woman's movement made for transforming the wife from a "drudge" into a "partner," a "plaything" into a "friend," and a "servant" into an "equal," men would undoubtedly be foolish not to endorse it. But it would seem that, if woman assumes the duties of civil life in addition to those of domestic, she will be more of a "drudge" than ever. Politics are no less a laborious matter than spring house-cleaning, especially when women have it in mind to accomplish the Herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables of city government. Notwithstanding indignant female protests to the contrary, one thing must obviously be sacrificed in part to the other. If a woman turns from the home to the forum, she is less an efficient wife; if she turns from the forum to the home, her value as a politician depreciates; if she turns to both, she excels in neither. The world will really be little the loser if she stays where she is.

Of course, it is with truth that fortune-favored devotees of Feminism declare that domesticity and female suffrage do not clash: servants may be hired to attend to the one while milady is looking after the other. But unfortunately the majority of women are, and must be, their own servants. To be sure, it takes little time to cast a vote; certainly it consumes much to conduct a campaign. And Feminism sets itself a broader purpose than mere voting; it gazes determinedly into flattering vistas of prospective sex-equality and civic achievement. Were the ballot all that women desired, many men might say "welcome." But it is through the polls that women are essaying to break pell-mell into an exposed sphere teeming with dangers which many of them either do not see or do not understand. What will their excellent intentions profit, if the evil circumstances, surging in the new life, gulp them under? Men succumb; can frail women triumph? It matters little what they achieve, if they lose perfect womanhood, which is their greatest achievement. And assuredly the nearer they approach

the male standard, the farther they depart from the world's ideal of the true wife and mother. Women can acquire some idea of the bad logic of their belligerent attitude, by considering how ridiculous it would be for men to encroach upon feminine prerogatives. Yet it would be just as logical for men to invade woman's domain as it is for woman to assail theirs. The gentler sex will have to admit that they possess many choice privileges which do not obtain in man's life; it would be well for them not to forget these blessings when they feel inclined to bemoan their bonds. Christianity has gained so much for women that, if they demand much more, they want the moon. It exalted them to such a high dignity that men were compelled to look up to them with reverence. Now, expressly animated with a desire still higher, they are incongruously ready to drop to man's level and thus be poised half-way nearer to the debased plane from which Christianity originally raised them. Women should awaken to the hideous peril they are beckoning into their lives. In proportion as they lose their appeal on men's ideals, they will unleash his brute passions. Then equality will violently pass into inferiority. Let the grim significance of the outrageous assaults, so frequently and recently perpetrated by men on the persons of female seekers of suffrage, be duly appreciated. If women stir up the volcano of man's lower nature, they must expect to suffer by the ensuing eruption. It is only by being superior to man that they can be safe from him, worshipped by him, and helpful to him; not by being equal. Modern equality is a huge step toward ancient inferiority.

Mrs. Hale is not justified in calling woman a "drudge." The upper female class are so free from duties of any kind that they literally do not know what to do with themselves, and hence are unrestrainedly given to fads, among which is Feminism. The middle class divide their duties with servants, thereby precluding any hint of drudgery and largely opening their days to an incursion of the fads which beguile the rich. The lower class indeed toil hard in the home, but no harder than men do outside of it; and husbands in general work the harder that the bearers of their children may labor the less. Incidentally, Feminism finds it hardest to make proselytes in this lowest grade whence, if it possessed the appeal of real merit, it could draw them most easily.

And Mrs. Hale herself, further on in her article, admits, with charming inconsistency, that "our modern American women are brought up too softly to develop heroic, or even deeply womanly, qualities." Wherefore it certainly seems, from her own assertions, that they need a dose of drudgery, at least *quasi* drudgery. We should suggest that they depend less upon their servants and, in imitation of their poor but happier sisters, be mothers to their children in person and not by paid proxy; that they learn to consult their family's taste in preference to mastering sedulously the nonsensical variations of tango; that they become as familiar with the

kitchen as they at present are with the parlor. Naturally women find little to do in their own world and are discontented with their lot, when they surrender entirely to hirelings the most sacred offices of true womanhood. Surfeited with leisure, they extravagantly desire suffrage; a taste of genuine domestic interest and industry would surely sober them, for it has kept sober most of the noble women of the lower social stratum.

Nor is woman man's "plaything," except in so far as she makes herself such by ceasing to be a woman. It would be nigh impossible for a sensible man to esteem highly for long a help-meet who puts far more time on the outside of her head than the inside; more jewels on her arms, neck and fingers than in her heart; more interest in bridge-whist than in her bairns. Such an artificial creature, and she stands undeniably and deplorably typical of a class of Americans, is nothing but an animated puppet that can attract only the eyes, not the soul, of men.

As for woman being a "servant," Mrs. Hale, after referring to her as such, demonstrates fairly well that she is not, provoking a smile.

She lays stress on the companionship between the sexes that would result from Feminism. It is desirable but unlikely. Men are not usually attracted to manly women, at least to the point of proposing matrimony. They like only manly men and womanly women for their soul-friends. As they abominate an effeminate man, so they find it repugnant to tolerate an ultra-strenuous woman. There is something intrinsically abnormal about both. Man finds an assuagement to his native roughness in woman's native gentleness; Heaven help women, if that gentleness should be swept away on the energetic and aggressive wave of Feminism!

Mrs. Hale tells us that "the average man avoids marriage with an intellectual woman, conceiving her incapable of tenderness." Hardly. If she really possesses tenderness, he will be as quick to discern it as to detect her intellectuality. One is as apparent as the other. And an intelligent man could not but be proud to have an intelligent mother for his child. The ideal of womanhood, as conceived by men who are not primitive, puts no ban on brains: it welcomes women to improve their heads as sincerely as it reminds them not to forget their hearts. The modern woman is well educated: this is a blessing. But she inclines to give the gold of her learning to the world, before it has passed through the mint of the home: this is regrettable. Her wisdom can never gain due currency unless it bears the stamp of true wifehood and motherhood. The home is woman's throne from which she can rule the world. Man must admire her the more, if she proves an intelligent ruler. Can he admire her at all, if she steps down from her glittering heights into the sordid fray and gets spattered with mud? Such a course would seem to him indicative of lack of intelligence.

Mrs. Hale calls attention to woman's "deep racial

needs" of "love, children and work." But the home being the peerless producer of all three requirements, why should women look and reach beyond it for happiness?

"Women could not be free," she observes, "under feudalism, under patriarchy, nor under priestcraft." Feminism can thrive only in an era of democracy. As man advances to liberty, so must his wife and partner. But the lady apparently forgets that women advanced more under "feudalism," "patriarchy," and "priestcraft" than they have since. Their step from servile inferiority to gleaming stardom, effected in the days of chivalry, was decidedly greater than their trip from domesticity into the humdrum world, accomplished in these modern times of cheap schemes and expensive failures. If women would be wiser, with the wisdom of the past, they would be more content with the conditions of the present and more discreet in their plans for the future. The more meritorious Feminist movement would be, not a rush to wholesale "liberty," but a return to the glorious ideal which the maligned Middle Ages set them and which they then happily attained. Women are not fashioned for man's life, being limited to their own by physical disadvantages which are periodically increased by the advent of motherhood. It is clear that they need a provider and protector. If, however, they continue to assert their own powers of self-protection and provision and goad men on to giving them a chance to exercise these alleged possessions, one is appalled to ponder what little room will be left for the child. Wives, steeped in the cares and worries of a new existence, will hardly be over-inclined to add travail to their woes. Accordingly, as Feminism waxes, maternity will be likely to wane. Thus will the richest gem fall from woman's crown; and when she ultimately realizes the gravity of her loss, as our gray-haired, be-pearled, childless and sad-eyed possessors of Pekingese spaniels are today doing, she will probably appreciate that medieval standards would have been worth seeking after all.

It is true that many women have "learned a trade or profession which brings them economic independence." But their number is insufficient to constitute them representatives of the feminine class. Besides, they generally end their business careers when they begin the loftier one of matrimony; at any rate, they necessarily desist from them at the call of motherhood. Hence "economic independence" is not a particularly strong argument for female suffrage and Feminism, since such independence is neither adequately stable nor extensive. Indubitably, if women as a class were economically free from man, they should mingle in the world's doings on an equality with him. But comparatively few of them are, and all are not potentially.

It would seem that the Creator has consigned to men the coarser and commercialistic duties of the human struggle for existence, but has favored woman with a custodianship of the world's ideals. And so she has un-

limited opportunity to advance within the very sphere of which she is now queen: the more cultured she becomes, the more effectually will she accomplish her mission, by illumining her husband's life and causing that of her children to blossom with virtue. And the more richly will she be repaid for this pleasant work in terms of contentment and love. Such is the true evolution of woman which will place her on a higher altitude of nobility than even chivalry did, because it will inspire a stronger chivalry.

That there are many and grievous social evils which could be remedied by a better understanding between the sexes, cannot be ignored. But women seem to be intensifying the difference by making it all the harder for men to understand them. Men could comprehend, sympathize and comply with a feminine concern for control in matters pertaining to such indirectly domestic questions as school elections, public sanitation, and so forth; but it is beyond their ability to comprehend the sense of the sweeping demands of Feminism, and it is naturally beyond their prudence to yield to them. Women should remember that the masculine brain has almost wholly done the world's business thinking for centuries, is quite capable of doing so for centuries more, and that consequently, though it may not be exempt from the charge of bias, there is strong probability that its judgments in social, civil and economic matters, may be a bit more correct than those of Feminism. The need and worth of women as a permanent and equal factor in the outside world neither appears nor appeals to them. If women would regard this more, men would misunderstand them less.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Popular Hymnody

THE subject of a vernacular hymnody is one that has engaged the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities in the English-speaking portions of the Catholic Church for some time, and it is generally agreed that so far, the question has not been adequately settled. To compare Catholic hymnals with those of the Protestant sects to the disparagement of the former is not only ridiculous, but entirely unfair, and helps us on not a whit. After all, the use of English hymns is but a minor portion of the Church's devotions; with Protestants it forms, together with the sermon, practically the whole of public worship. Yet, at the same time this does not dispose of the question of having as one of our cherished possessions an English hymnody worthy to rank beside the literary gems that are enshrined in the Latin Liturgy. The mean lies between a sacred poetry that shall not be tedious to the more educated by reason of its mediocrity, nor unintelligible to the more simple on account of the exclusiveness of its high-flown poetic diction. This throws us back to the ranks of the hymnologists as distinct from the poets and versifiers. The distinction is as real as that between the composers of music and the composers of hymn tunes, whose art, alas! has well-nigh died out.

The search for the definition of a hymnody that is both popular and democratic takes us to the early hymns of the Roman Church. The entire absence of anything in the English language in the nature of prosodic quantity makes it difficult to define satisfactorily, save to Latinists, the complete revolution that was brought about by the substitution of *accent* for *quantity* by the

writers of the ecclesiastical Latin hymns. In place of the elaborate and somewhat artificial laws of meter governing the construction of Latin verse, laws appreciated only by those who had received a considerable education in the works of the classical authors, the first writers of Church Latin hymns, Prudentius, Venantius Fortunatus and others, substituted the idea of accent, of natural rhythm, a thing which even a child can understand; and in the alternation of accented and unaccented syllables lay the beauty of this new Latin verse. The rejection of the laws of quantity brought into use many popular words which had been debarred from classical poetry: so the popular tradition was begun, to be developed by later writers, finding its climax in such outbursts of poetic and devotional feeling as that of the hymn of St. Bernard:

Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia:
Sed super mel et omnia
Eius dulcis praesentia. . . .

In the despised Middle Ages the populace sang hymns of this kind as they went about their work, and they became a vital part of the poetry of the times. There is also in the better known example from St. Thomas Aquinas a strain that is both popular and devotional:

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quæ coeli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium. . . .

In such hymns we have a perfect model of what should be found in popular hymnology: assured orthodoxy, simplicity of language, and indisputable poetic instinct.

The same spirit that inspired the Latin hymnologists was caught, here and there, by a later generation of Catholics. The following by Venerable Robert Southwell occurs in the "Armagh Hymnal":

Behold a simple tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas! a piteous sight.

an admirable example of Catholic sentiment without sentimentality. Crashaw, too, has the same noble gift:

The gloomy night embraced the place,
Wherein the Noble Infant lay,
The Babe looked up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

In discriminating between poetry and hymnody Mr. Shane Leslie sums up the matter thus: "Although the perfect poem is seldom a hymn, the perfect hymn should possess some relation to lyric poetry." His own rendering of *Felix dies quem proprio* is a happy exemplification of this dictum carried into effect:

O happy day, which with His Own
Redeeming Blood hath Jesus sown,
O happy day, which saw begin
The work of saving us from sin.

Scarce was He born, the Holy Bud
Poured forth a stream of Baby Blood;
It is His far death's offering,
The Love of Love's first preluding. . . .

A more popular character is seen in the well-known hymn of Father Caswall:

Glory be to Jesus
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins. . . .

But enough has been shown to indicate some of the excellencies we possess in our English hymns, but against so much that is excellent we have to set a great deal more that is far from excellent: piety that has over-run into cheap sentimentalism, jingling rhymes that could scarce hope to find a place among magazine verse; often enough, too, the fervor of many amateur hymn writers leads them into what may be termed theological indiscretions, certainly they venture upon delicate ground. The Sacred Heart, the Blessed Sacrament, the life of Mary, form the favorite excursions of the pietistic rhymster, who forgets that a Catholic hymn requires not only a gift of poesy, and this is essential, but also the habit of accurate theological statement. To appreciate the lesson, compare these stanzas:

Conceived, conceived immaculate!
Oh, what a joy to thee:
Conceived, conceived immaculate!
Oh, greater joy for me.

Virgin wholly marvelous,
Who didst bare God's Son for us,
Worthless is my tongue and weak
Of thy purity to speak.

The former is absolutely lacking in poetic fancy; in the latter there is an adequate poetic expression combined with sound orthodoxy.

If, then, our English hymns are ever to find a worthy place among the literary treasures of the Church, it will only be obtained by subjecting them to a scrutiny and a comparison with the best models, the sacred Latin poetry. A careful study of the Breviary hymns will show that there is in them as definite a principle as in other poetical forms, and with the realization that hymnography is an art in itself, the day will not be far off when the incomparable genius of the Catholic Church will leave an abiding impress upon the hymns of her English-speaking children. An impress which has stamped itself imperishably upon the hymn of the heroic Irish Zouaves:

Who dares to fight the fiercest fight,
That God-like men have fought?
Who dares to stand for Peter's right
With heart and soul unbought?

Who dares enrolled in war below
And leaving hearth and home,
With Paul and Peter sworded go
To hold the gates of Rome?

Nor fear the girding cry of foes
Who hem the stricken flock,
Nor when the scorner's music grows,
Where God hath set His Rock.

Let hearts rise high and strong again,
Where fear and hate were sown,
The sons of martyrs yet are fain
To win the Pope his own.

And men salute the Holy See
The great Apostles' dome,
Whence Paul and Peter scorned to flee
But gave their blood for Rome.

O never think to sell for tithes
What Judas gave for gold,
In vain the Church is bound with wythes,
The keys are not yet sold.

Let pass the thought of pleasant peace,
The hope of distant home;
With Paul and Peter do not cease
To hold the gates of Rome.

Nowadays we need more hymns as full of courage and faith
as that of the Irish Zouaves.

HENRY C. WATTS.

A Challenge to Catholic Laymen

AFTER much thought and discussion a striking poster has been designed by the Protestant Laymen's Missionary Movement, to be displayed successively in seventy-five of the leading cities of the United States, from October, 1915, to April, 1916. It represents two distinctive scenes to attract the attention of the passer-by.

Enclosed in a circle of black, in the right upper portion of the picture, is the monstrous squatting figure of the bronze Buddha of Kamakura in Japan. Stolid and unmoved by human need and misery, the great idol sits, wrapped in dreams, with vast eyelids closed over visionless orbs. The huge bronze petals of the lotus flowers in the gigantic vases before him are not more cold than he or less stirred by the sighs of the worshippers prostrate at his feet. This is a true symbol of paganism, but paganism only on its negative side, for there is no revelation here of the passion that accompanies paganism.

Below, to the left of the picture, is a figure more familiar to us, an immigrant newly come to our shores. With bundle and satchel in hand, he stands, helpless and bewildered, facing the new world that opens up before him. In the background may be seen the tops of towering apartment houses, and near by a church with barred doors and forsaken look, cold and uninviting. The church conveys to him no message and makes no appeal. His steps are timidly turning into other quarters, where the broken barrel and the rubbish at the door tell their tale. Soon the great city will absorb him. Its dangers and temptations will encompass him. Who can be surety for his soul?

"Men Wanted," is the notice written in large letters over the poster. "Enlist for World Service," is the invitation. "National Missionary Campaign. Conventions in Seventy-five Cities," is the announcement telling of the interdenominational propaganda on the part of Protestant laymen for their home and foreign missions, a campaign begun at Chicago, October 14, and closing in the capital city of the nation during April, 1916. Superlative opportunities, its promoters urge, constitute a superlative call.

The Women's Missionary Societies have in the past given mighty assistance to the Protestant missions. But it was desired above all to interest the men, and in November, 1906, the Laymen's Missionary Movement made its beginning. In 1909-10 the first real attempt was made in the United States to vitalize this movement by seventy-five conventions held in the leading cities. Seventy-five thousand men were thus brought together, the *Christian Advocate* writes, "to consider their missionary responsibility. The whole nation was challenged and stirred." During 1913-14 as many as 500 conventions were held at the invitation of the federated mission bands. The support which the Protestant press is giving this Laymen's Movement and the vast amount of space it is at all times devoting to missionary endeavors, together with the thorough development of national and local organizations for this purpose, must of necessity produce success both in the enlistment of recruits and the obtaining of adequate resources.

To quote a single instance, the first that comes to hand, the Epworth League alone, a Methodist organization, collected, during the last six years, \$750,000 for special mission work and has at present 1,200 Epworthians preparing for foreign service. Their volunteer recruits for the year 1915 number 100. They do not expect personally to capture the non-Christian world, but will try everywhere to educate a native ministry in the doctrines of Methodism. "They will be seeking for strategic men, for children who can get the training of a whole youth-time in a Christian school, for

every sort of material that promises to produce leadership in the growing native church."

Even Mormonism is in the field and the disbursements of its church for missionary work in foreign lands during the year 1914 was \$228,000, or over one-tenth of the total collection of the organization for that year. What proportion of the total collections of the Catholic Church in America has gone to her foreign missions? What amount of space in our press, what degree of energy in our pulpits has been devoted to the extension of God's Kingdom in these lands so ripe for harvest? How do we compare in all this work with the divided Protestant sects? The Congregational churches alone have collected during the past year \$1,104,565 for their foreign missions. Many other denominations have gathered hardly less and some considerably more. Where do we stand?

We have everything that is wanting to these denominations. We have the Sacraments, the Presence of Christ in our ever-open churches, the absolute unity of creed throughout the world, and a great central power to direct all our efforts. We have the certainty of an infallible Faith handed down to us from the days of the Apostles and the commission given to our priesthood and episcopate to teach all nations and make them one with us and with Christ in the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. What alone is needed is a realization of the truth, forcibly brought home to us by the most competent Catholic mission authorities, that unless we now combine our energy and organize effectively for a strong mission propaganda, the most populous and intellectual mission countries of the world will, humanly speaking, fall under the influence of Protestantism.

It may be difficult to understand why, at a time when Protestants have in great numbers lost their belief in the vital truths of Christianity, and are openly denying the Divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, the sects should nevertheless develop a new and widespread missionary propaganda. It is needless to suggest reasons; the fact remains. In their missionary campaign, both at home and abroad, Protestants have practically brought about for the present a working union, agreeing to disagree about their religious principles. Their motives or methods in this propaganda do not concern us here. One thing we know from past experience: that even though they fail to produce lasting religious results, they too often succeed in implanting in the mind of the foreigner among us, and of the native in distant lands, a profound misunderstanding and a senseless hatred of everything Catholic.

The ways of God are inscrutable; but may we not suppose that the great modern mission campaign of Protestantism is to serve us, at the present moment, as a mighty stimulus for bringing about more speedily and more perfectly the extension of God's Kingdom upon earth, His Holy Church? Already there is a thrill and throb of response. Already new mission impulses are felt throughout the Catholic Church of America. The idea of more adequate organization and unification of our efforts has seriously been advanced. The Church has abundantly provided us with opportunities ready at hand. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood Association, and all the various missionary institutions are only waiting to be utilized. They are seeking for men and means and cooperation of every kind.

In the Protestant Laymen's Missionary Movement a challenge has been thrown down to us. Catholic laymen cannot hesitate to accept it. Delay might mean disaster. The time is pressing. World-conquest and world-service are the mottos of the hour. They belong to us; they have ever been our own; they must now more than ever be upon our lips.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Votes for Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I, through your columns, voice a most indignant protest against the wholesale arraignment of my sex indulged in by Martha Moore Avery in her article "Spread of Social Disorder"? That some women are vile is undeniably true; that more men are vile is equally indisputable; but that by far the vast majority of women are decent, self-respecting, moral, and conscientious in the performance of their duties as wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and that the majority of married women *do* willingly, cheerfully and gladly bear and rear children, I most emphatically assert and believe.

Now, as to suffrage: I have been an active worker in the Woman Suffragist Party for three years and I have met suffragists of high and low degree. I have met the woman of means who believes in suffrage, because she believes that the taxpayer should have a voice, in electing the officials who pass on the financial outlay of city, State and nation, quite irrespective of whether that taxpayer be a man or a woman. I have met the factory girl and the shop girl who believe in suffrage, because they see that women are discriminated against by laws which say that man must not be obliged to work more than eight hours a day, but that woman, the weaker vessel, is strong enough to work nine hours a day. I have met the woman in the home, the intelligent wife and mother, who believes in suffrage because she sees, as women are coming to see more and more every day, that there is scarcely a question with which government has to deal today that does not in some way, directly or indirectly, affect the home. Tariff, pure food laws, sanitary regulations, school administration, in fact the most vital questions which have to be decided in this and following generations are those relating to human welfare, a field in which women have a tremendous interest and a large experience.

Nowhere have I met the "leading suffragists" who "advocate" any "vile practice." I cannot imagine to what or to whom Miss Avery refers. Suffrage has to do with *one question* and *only one*, and that is the right of a citizen to use, for the protection of his rights as a citizen, the instrument which was designed by government for that purpose, viz., the ballot. Feminism, whatever that may be, and I have never yet found two people who defined it alike, has nothing to do with the plain proposition of "votes for women," and it is only begging the question and befogging the issue when our opponents attempt to obscure the perfectly plain, clear, common-sense proposition of "votes for women" by dragging in and erecting a "straw man" that is not a part of the proposition at all.

The majority of the men of New York State decided on November 2 that they were unwilling to try this new order of things, and suffragists have accepted their decision for the present. But that there are more than half a million men who registered their faith in women at the polls on November 2, is a great reason to believe that the sentiment for justice for women is growing among those who give it serious thought, and that a few years more of a campaign of education will bring an overwhelming majority to see that women as well as men should have every right to express their opinion about the administration of the government under which they live, whose laws they must obey, to whose expenses they must contribute, and to which they must be loyal under all circumstances.

Brooklyn.

AGNES HULL PRENDERGAST.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why does not the Catholic press support "Woman Suffrage," asks a contributor. How can the Catholic press consistently

ally itself with a movement which has sprung from anti-Catholic sources, and is supported almost entirely by anti-Catholic bodies? It appears "all the forces of evil are arrayed against" the suffragist, and the help of the Catholic press is desired to obtain "votes for women." If Catholic women want to fight "all the forces of evil," why do they not rally to the standard of the Catholic press? Their support, moral, social and financial, their interest, zeal and enthusiasm are woefully needed. If the Catholic suffragist believes "votes for women" merely a political issue, why try to drag the Church into it? If she admits it is a moral and religious issue as well, how can she consistently belong to a party whose aims and ambitions are utterly at variance with the teachings of the Catholic Church?

What strange creatures we women are! Shall we arm with the sword of truth and righteousness to gain a wooden wand? Shall we deck ourselves with the "pearl of great price" to win a brass ring for our noses?

How Satan must smile at the thought of the "intelligence" and "purity" of the women that are going to "vanquish" him by means of the vote! The devil fears no woman who fights with merely human weapons. He knows how much of the greatly-vaunted "purity" of Eve's daughters is the result of mankind's instinct to barricade the child-bearing sex from the evils rife in this devil-harried planet. How he must smile as he sees the modern Eve peering wistfully over her barricade at the "man's world" beyond, while with curious fingers she assiduously picks at the hard-caked clay of "ignorance," and exults as the heavy logs of "prejudice" and "man-made laws" topple down before her vigorous onslaughts! It is the mighty feminine intellect, forsooth, that is to put him to rout! The same old sins, pride of intellect and disobedience to God's laws! All that was needed was the same old weapon of "flattery," the same old lure of "god-like power" and "knowledge of good and evil," and how Eve tramples poor, stupid, blundering Adam's "tyranny" under foot and holds out both hands for the prize! Does not Cardinal Gibbons declare the suffrage agitators "the worst enemies of the female sex"? Do not a tremendously great majority of the clergy agree with his views? How can the Catholic press, then, support these agitators, or a Catholic woman delude herself to the extent of joining their ranks?

There is only one woman the devil fears; only one whose purity blinds him, whose intellect confounds him, over whose immaculate soul he never had and never can have sway, "Mary, the pattern of humility," the Virgin and Mother of Nazareth who quietly went about her duties in the household. Let the Catholic woman who yearns to fight "the forces of evil" emulate the second great Mother of humanity, not the first. Satan himself hesitates to approach the threshold of a good home. Eve, if Adam slips and falls in the mud, what good will that "scrap of paper," the ballot, do you?

Lansdowne, Pa.

E. C.

Mr. Moore and Transubstantiation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At this juncture the issue between myself and Mr. Moore is this: Whether or not the twenty-eighth "Article" officially repudiates Transubstantiation. He says no; it simply condemns a theory held by a certain school of Roman Catholics. A glance at the "Article" is the best answer to this ludicrous assertion:

Transubstantiation, (or the change of the substance of bread and wine), cannot be proved by Holy Writ: but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. The Body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the means, whereby the Body of Christ is perceived and eaten in the Supper is Faith.

There are two parts here: The first part explicitly and clearly defines Transubstantiation as taught *dogmatically by the Catholic Church*, and then explicitly and clearly declares that such a doctrine is *repugnant to the plain words of Scripture* and *destructive of the very nature of a Sacrament*. That is, the first part of this article condemns and officially repudiates as false the *official teaching of the Catholic Church, known as Transubstantiation*, not a *theory of a certain Roman Catholic School*. This is point one, the point at issue. But as if to clinch this error the Article does not rest here, it proceeds to set up an absolutely un-Catholic doctrine about the Eucharist, in the place of the true doctrine, which it rejects in such unmistakable terms. For in the second part the Article says: "The Body of Christ is *given*, taken and eaten, *only* after an heavenly and *spiritual manner*. And the means whereby the Body of Christ is perceived and eaten is *Faith* (Italics inserted). In other words Christ is not "truly, really and substantially" present in the Eucharist, body, blood, soul and divinity, under the species of bread and wine by the power of the priest's words as a causal agent, to be *received sacramentally and really*, as the Catholic doctrine has it. On the contrary He is there spiritually and is *given*, perceived and eaten by *Faith only*. (Italics inserted). Lest we might mistake the meaning of this plain error Ridley and Cranmer to whom the Anglican church is chiefly indebted for these formularies, leave us in no doubt about its precise significance. The former says:

The true Church of Christ doth acknowledge a presence of Christ's Body in the Lord's Supper to be communicated to the godly *by grace and spiritually*. . . . and by a sacramental significance, but not by the *corporeal presence of the Body of His Flesh*. II. That heavenly Lamb is, as I confess, on the table; but by a *spiritual presence*, and not after any corporeal presence of the Flesh of the Virgin Mary.

Enough, but not all of Ridley. Now for Cranmer: "I say . . . that we receive Christ *spiritually*, by *faith with our minds* eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood." . . .

At other times Cranmer denied that the "bread was changed in substance." God simply added thereto a "high property" . . . so "that the bread doth shew unto us . . . that *we be partakers of the spirit of God, spiritually* fed with Christ's Flesh and Blood." Again he denied "a real and substantial presence:" that Christ is received "by a real and corporal presence," and he moreover asserted: (1) That Christ is received only "by a spiritual and effectual presence." (2) That our union with Christ in the Eucharist is as our union with Him in baptism, nothing more.

Hence the second part of the Article by itself and in itself plainly sets up the false doctrine that Christ is *given, taken and eaten* only after a heavenly and *spiritual manner, by faith*. This is confirmed by Ridley and Cranmer. The Catholic Church on the other hand declares: "Should any one say that Christ existing in the Eucharist is received (eaten) *spiritually only* and not *sacramentally and really also*, let him be anathema." To sum up: The first part of Article twenty-eight declares the Catholic dogma of Transubstantiation plainly unscriptural and destructive of the very nature of a Sacrament; the second part of the same article openly asserts a doctrine condemned in express words by the Catholic Church.

More might be said. I forbear to mention, save in passing and as contributory evidence, the horrid oath denouncing Transubstantiation, taken for centuries by each successive *Supreme Head of the Anglican church*. I omit too, the Westminster Confession of 1647, which rejects the same doctrine. Here my case rests. True Mr. Moore has made many other statements. But one thing at a time: I shall meet all his statements in due time. Most of them are ridiculously false, and one is in my favor.

New York.

GEORGE RUSK.

A M E R I C A

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How to Lose the Hyphen

TO give "first aid" to New Englanders whose ancestors are lost, strayed or stolen, one of our contemporaries has long maintained a wonderfully effective "Genealogical Department." So competent and clever is the editor of the page that if you offer him a mere name or two, and possibly a single date, he can soon supply you with a complete line of distinguished forefathers. For example, if "Thomas Lilly and Rachel Vane, of Boston, whom he married September 30, 1725," seem desirable ancestors to some one bearing either of those names, the given data furnishes the genealogical editor with abundant material for building up a noble family tree. For several of his numerous correspondents will haunt so persistently old grave-yards, and others will ransack so carefully domestic archives and parish registers, that in a few weeks the Vane in question will be unmistakably traced back to one of that name who came over in the Puritan migration of 1630, or the aspiring Lilly will be proved beyond all cavil a Pilgrim's great-grandson.

The inquirer can then easily follow his family back to the Conquest, the barbarian inroads and the Deluge, secure his coat-of-arms, join the Sons of the American Revolution, provide himself, at a moderate expense, with the proper number of ancestral portraits and a sufficient supply of heirlooms in the form of china, silver and furniture, and then pass the evening of his days comforted by the thought that none of his posterity will ever be called a "hyphenated American."

For it is a remarkable fact that men of English extraction can become thorough Americans much quicker than can those of Irish, German, French or Italian ancestry. Prominent lawyers, for example, whose grandmothers

accepted the hospitality of our shores about 1845 are still called Irish-Americans, and successful physicians whose grandfathers fought in our Civil War are generally described as German-Americans. But an "Anglo-Saxon" from London, a "Scotch-Irish" from Belfast, or a canny Scot from Edinburgh, particularly if they are stanch Protestants, can become so thoroughly Americanized in half a generation that their children can resent with just anger the charge of "hyphenation." Yet by his descent from Old World ancestors is not every person in this country "hyphenated"? The only true American in existence is the Red Indian: and even he is probably of Asiatic origin.

By Way of Comparison

FROM the House of the Holy Childhood at Ningpo, China, comes a cry of sharp distress. It is only one of many similar calls for help. Thirty little waifs are lying outside the convent gate as the Sister writes, telling of her pressing need; thirty motherless babes crying to be fed; but there is not enough for the hungry little mouths within. "Unless help comes, every penny we have must go to buy rice and the babies outside must be left to die." There is anguish at the heart of the good Sister as she pleads for help, and her tender instinct strongly asserts itself: "We are the only mothers these children have!" The money annually sent for the support of this work has been cut down by the ravages of the war to one-fourth of its former amount, and still the same number of mouths must be fed daily. Only a handful of rice is wanted, but there is no money to buy it withal. The diminished support is far from sufficient to pay for the 250 mites already put out to nurse, besides the hundreds of others within the convent walls. Fifty cents are needed to keep a Chinese child in rice for a month. Surely little enough, but a prosaic fact that must be met by equally prosaic means. Charity is not purely a matter of sympathy, but of assistance and cooperation.

A glance from this appeal to a Protestant announcement reveals a different story. No particular boast is made. Thirteen denominations, grouped together there, have received during 1914 no less than \$11,098,517 for their missions abroad. At the same time a daily paper at hand briefly conveys the laconic news that the Methodists of the North, "just closing their year, contribute \$2,600,000 to the foreign missions."

Here, then, are two pictures which Catholics may profitably compare: the opulence suggested by the latter figures and the poverty suggested by the Sister. Perhaps the cases cited are extreme, nevertheless they convey a practical lesson. Catholics may not have the wealth that is to be found among the members of some of the Protestant sects, they doubtless have expenses which Protestants are not called upon to meet; but even a mite from each of us would suffice. The wail of the little

ones at least should touch our hearts. There are mighty interests at stake and God has made them largely dependent upon the good will of this generation of Catholics in the United States. We are more than equal to the task without neglecting our home interests. Resolution alone is required to do our full manly part in making known the danger to our Catholic missions and the magnificent opportunities now presenting themselves to Americans of extending God's Kingdom, or in offering our actual contributions of means and service for the foreign missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood Association and our other missionary institutions are waiting for our cooperation. It is God's cause. His grace and strength will not be wanting.

Law in Wisconsin

TO sentence a man to be hanged and to take up the trifling matter of his trial in connection with the post mortem, was once thought to be legal procedure as understood on the comic stage. The inference was incorrect. It is, apparently, legal procedure as understood in the State of Wisconsin.

If the press reports are to be credited, an iniquitous law prescribing mutilation not only for criminals of a certain degraded kind but for imbeciles, was recently enforced in that State. Forty "patients" were to be treated; in the event, however, but ten were subjected to the surgeon's knife. Thirty were reprieved on the ground that "it was thought well to await and report the results of the operation."

If the results of this operation were not known, why was it prescribed by legislative action? Presumably Wisconsin enacted this barbarous and beastly law, to attain a definite purpose; after its passage she began a series of experiments to discover whether or not the purpose could be attained by the law. The whole incident is an excellent illustration of what has been happily termed "fool law." And fools can be dangerous as well as silly.

The physicians who carried out the State's bequest will perhaps be defended. Speaking generally, however, it is well to remember that the world has an ugly and expressive name for the physician who subjects his patient to medical or surgical treatment not calculated to cure the disease.

A "Midrash" Merely?

AMONG those who have been observing the growth in the attitude of criticism of certain parts of the Bible, it has been a commonplace that outside the Catholic Church rationalism was making deep inroads into faith. Often ministers who have not dared to speak openly in the pulpit, have had no difficulty about expressing advanced ideas in books and magazines. An example in point is a recent Biblical article written by a certain

Presbyterian divine of Brooklyn, and published, of all places, in the New York *American*. He says in part:

Despite these difficulties and many more some of the best people you know of will go on accepting, line for line, as unquestionable and solemn fact the Bible account of Jonah. The earnest, scientific Bible scholars today practically unanimously reject this old view. What do these make of the book of Jonah? A parable, a midrash, as the elder Hebrews called a fanciful, spiritual story built partly upon some real fact or person.

Such statements make "good copy," no doubt; but they are nevertheless false. It is not true that there is practically unanimity among earnest, scientific Bible scholars in their rejection of the literal, historical character of the account of Jonas. Catholic scholars make no such rejection, and their name is legion. Moreover, for earnestness and scientific scholarship they are easily on a par with the advanced school. There is not a single Catholic Biblical scholar of any prominence today who does not assert that the prophet of Nineve was actually in the belly of the whale, or fish—for they are not concerned about identifying the species—for three days. As for the difficulties that have lead the rationalists to reject the miracle, such as the natural action of "the death-dealing gastric juices," and "the whale's nausea," they are either trivial, and would equally militate against all miracles; or else they are wholly inconclusive. For instance, the absence of all mention of the fact in the Cuneiform inscriptions loses all weight when set against the actual record of the fact in the equally historical document of the Book of Jonas, and the explicit testimony of Josephus.

There is a subtle danger in the rejection of this particular miracle, as it has a very striking parallel in the New Testament. Christ says, speaking of his future Resurrection, "For as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and nights: so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." (Matt. xii: 40.) Here we have two events asserted by Christ to be similar. Reject the fact-character of one, and it is easy to destroy the fact-character of the other. Behold the trail of the serpent. True, well-instructed Catholics are not deceived. However, many unwary parents are allowing their children to read the "higher" criticism of penny papers, often to the ruin of their youthful souls.

"Life" and Mr. Carranza

"LIFE," ventured the aged man, in the accents of Polonius, "is a very solemn thing."

"I agree with you," rejoined the pert twentieth century child, "especially if you refer to the New York publication."

Out of the mouth of babes. This New York weekly is a solemn thing, and with solemnity goes slowness. Mayhap the editor of *Life* lives far from the maddening crowd atop the Metropolitan tower, or mayhap again, in a moated grange like Marianna. Whatever or wher-

ever his domicile, he is no modernist; the news of the day percolates but slowly into his consciousness. Under date of November 11, 1915, he owns to a slight doubt touching the real status of Carranza, scholar and saint. "Carranza," states *Life* carefully, as one who in the presence of savants, hazards a theory on the Fourth Dimension, "has the reputation of being the persecutor of the Roman Catholic Church."

Next week, very likely, we shall be informed that Woodrow Wilson has the reputation of being the President of the United States, and that the minor differences between Germany and the Allied Powers have the reputation of being a war. It is not well to commit oneself rashly. But whatever information the editor of *Life* may graciously impart to an expectant public, he can give us nothing more precious than his comment on this new-found bit of news about Mr. Carranza. It merits a line all to itself.

Of course, this won't do.

The middle name of *Life's* editor is Daniel. The first is Solomon.

Baptist Sympathy in Massachusetts

A POOR-SPIRITED timorous body is the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society; very like the trembling, hypnotized sweet Alice in the song. Just at present, it is hypnotized by the astounding rise of "Jesuitism" in this country, and is trembling away under the frown of "the Jesuit college which looks down from fair heights upon this city of Boston, whose free institutions are imperilled." On bright sunshiny days, it would be advisable for the members of this Society to bide within doors. Should they catch a glimpse of their shadows, the mortality rate would be higher than at any time since that holy year, 1620.

Like most timorous persons, the gentlemen who make up this body, lack a sense of humor. The Rev. Frederick L. Anderson, for instance, answering the question, "What Must Massachusetts Do to be Saved?" expressed his desire to "speak sympathetically." He then discoursed on "the sea of trouble prepared for us by Roman domination," on "the Roman Church with its reign of priestcraft, with its magic and fears; its decrease in the power of morals and lowering the standards of civilization." To accuse the Catholic Church of lowering the standards of civilization and morality, would be a fairly serious indictment, were it not ridiculous. If this is "sympathy," what is "serious criticism"?

Back of the drivel so liberally indulged in at this "Missionary" meeting, lies the old prejudice, utterly at variance with facts, that Catholics owe civil allegiance to a foreign potentate. This venerable calumny has furnished texts to non-Catholic pulpits and to malodorous ex-priests for many a year, but no amount of disproof makes it less dear to its friends. Yet no one

but a fool or a knave questions the loyalty of American Catholics. From that splendid gentleman who presides over the Supreme Court of the United States down to the smallest child in the parochial school, every Catholic knows that patriotism is a duty imposed by religion. To die for one's country is a fair test of loyalty; and from the dark years of the Revolutionary period even to that April day when young Haggerty gave his life at Vera Cruz, Catholics have stood the test triumphantly.

LITERATURE

The Bear That Walks Like a Man

IT would be a relief to meet a man who would tell honestly why he likes Artzibashef and some of the rest of the modern Russian realists. It would be a relief to have some young radical say: "Yes, I know Tchekhoff is dull and prolix, but then the atmosphere of his work is delightfully unwholesome, and every now and then there is something pleasantly morbid, like the man with phosphorous poisoning in 'The Steppe,' and his agreeable custom of eating live fish. And then there's dear Michael Artzibashef. Of course his style is no better than that of Laura Jean Libbey, and his plots are cheap melodrama, but you can't deny that he is consistently nasty. And I do like to read about sexual depravity."

But the young radical of this sort is hard to meet. Instead we find the lofty-foreheaded young man who praises Artzibashef's psychological insight, Gorky's sympathy with humanity, and—actually!—Tchekhoff's humor! Of course he does not mean what he says. He likes "Sanine" for the same reason that he likes "Three Weeks." But he would not dare to confess a liking for "Three Weeks" because that book is English trash. And "Sanine" is Russian trash. And from the point of view of intellectual snobbery, there's all the difference in the world between these two sorts of trash.

Now, it would of course be absurd to condemn all modern Russian fiction, or to characterize all admirers of contemporary Russian novelists as hypocrites and sensualists. Americans and Englishmen who know almost by heart the great poems and stories of Pushkin, who know Larmantov as they know Byron, and Gogol as they know Dickens, who were brought up on the novels of Turgeneff, have every right in the world to seek for new delight among the outpourings of the presses of Petrograd and Moscow. But the sort of person who is feverishly enthusiastic over Gorky and Artzibashef has discovered Russian literature, in all probability, during the few years which have passed since his graduation from Harvard. His most serious offence is not that he prefers that which is evil to that which is good, and praises untrue and inartistic work because the worst part of his nature responds to its salacious appeal. His most serious offence is that he thinks that the Hall Caines and Marie Corellis of Russia really are representative writers, and that he insults a race of great romanticists and great realists by calling works that are thoroughly morbid and vile "very Russian."

What is the remedy for this unfortunate condition? The ideal course to pursue would be, of course, to spank the serious-minded young men who think that the Russian novel is a cross between Nijinsky's dancing and a pogrom. They should be sentenced to a year in solitary confinement, during which they should be obliged to read daily a very thoroughly expurgated edition of all Artzibashef's works. This would convince them that it was not Artzibashef's "power of psy-

chological analysis" that attracted them, and they would return to the world sadder and more honest men.

But this most desirable course has not the virtue of practicality. Perhaps some of the recent activities of American publishers will so educate the public that they will no longer be impressed by critics whose acquaintance with Russian literature is confined to "Sanine" and some of Gorky's plays. The Frederick A. Stokes Co. recently published Stephen Graham's admirable translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls," a novel which in its rich humor and sympathetic realism suggests "Pickwick Papers," while its whimsical romanticism brings to mind some parts of Don Quixote. It is one of the world's classics; no one who has not read it has a right to an opinion on Russian literature. The John Lane Co. has published Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," a book of short stories by the great novelist, half genius and half mountebank, who wasted his genuine talent in developing a new religion, which is merely a grotesque parody of Christianity. The stories in this book are compelling, in spite of their somewhat mad philosophy, for they faithfully reflect Russian manners and certain picturesque phases of Russian idealism. In the Home University Library Series, Henry Holt & Co. have published Maurice Baring's "Russian Literature," the best one-volume work on the subject in existence. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, in his interesting new enterprise, will publish those Russian novels which really belong to literature, rather than those which are of interest chiefly to the pathologist and alienist.

But meanwhile the market is flooded with viciously sensational works which are tolerated only because their exotic quality gives them a certain distinction in the eyes of the provincial. Here, for example, is Maxim Gorky's "Submerged," published by Mr. Richard G. Badger. Mr. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and Mr. Charles Rand Kennedy's "The Servant in the House" were sentimental, but on the whole, effective treatments of a very dangerous theme: that of the miraculous reformation of certain phases of modern society or groups of individuals through the appearance on earth of a man possessing Divine attributes. Gorky's play has a similar plot, but, of course, he differs from the two English writers in making vice triumph in the end. The poor wretches who have endeavored to regain a little of their lost decency are thrust back into the slime. The people who make up this typical Gorky offering are drunkards, thieves, depraved creatures of every kind. They are utterly lost and the author seems to gloat over their depravity and misery. But then what else is he to do? He must live up to his name. Gorky, you know, is a pen name meaning "bitter," and Mr. Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkov feels that he must justify the title he has so proudly assumed. But ridiculous affectation it is! It is as if Matthew Arnold had called himself "Matthew Sweetness and Light."

And here, from the press of Duffield & Co., comes a translation of Leonidas Andreief, "The Red Laugh." This is an attempt to flash upon the astonished world the novel idea that war is a very, very unpleasant thing. Mr. Andreief spills gore on every page, and the publisher assists him by making the title of the book blood red on a black ground. All the characters in the book go mad, and the author's utter inaptitude for literature turns what might have been passable third-rate melodrama into a farce. As a contribution to letters, and as a piece of pacifist propaganda "The Red Laugh" is inferior to "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

And then there is Artzibashef: he is being boomed and press-agented; the radical magazines praise his "assault on ordinary morality" and his "desperately poignant artistry"; long-haired young men with large eyes are telling the women's clubs all about him. Well, of course, "desperately poignant artistry" means nothing at all, and "artistry" is meaningless when used

in connection with a man like the author of "The Millionaire." He doesn't write novels, he merely throws something evil-smelling into the reader's face.

If the scene of "The Millionaire" and "Nina" were laid in the United States, these stories would never have been printed. They are without literary merit; they are the crudest melodrama, but their grossness makes them appeal to the prurient, and their foreign origin charms the literary snob. To say that they reflect Russian life is to insult Russia grievously. They do reflect, it is true, the basest part of Russian life, the part which no friend of Russia or of literature can wish reflected. They reflect the gross and hideous bestiality of the Russian criminal class, they reflect the life of people who have added to their native savagery the vices of civilization. They call to mind a picture of the Russian people as something at once bestial and human, a monstrosity, a nightmare: perhaps the thing that Kipling had in mind when he wrote of the bear that walks like a man.

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

Lessons in Scholastic Philosophy. By MICHAEL W. SHALLO, S.J. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly, \$1.75.

Every sincere attempt to bring scholastic philosophy within the reach of the English-speaking world should be encouraged. Not that we would disparage the scholarly Latin works, or replace them by texts in the vernacular; the former are invaluable, and should be in the hands of those who read Latin with sufficient ease to appreciate them. But to many Latin is an unknown tongue, and in consequence scholastic philosophy is not so widely read nor so well understood as it deserves to be. Of recent years some admirable manuals in English have come from the press, but scarcely in any of these have we met with such breadth of view, such depth of thought, such clearness of expression and such brevity of style as in Father Shallo's book. Ethics excepted, it contains a rapid but masterly survey of the whole field of philosophy; the positive doctrine is ably explained and defended; ancient and modern errors are briefly indicated; the main arguments of erroneous systems are proposed and refuted. And this is all accomplished within the compass of 398 pages. The book has been introduced already into many schools, and thoughtful readers who have not the leisure to attend regular classes will enjoy the volume and derive much enlightenment from its pages. A table of contents and copious examples would greatly add to the usefulness of the work. It is marred also by frequent typographical mistakes, and surely the book was worthy of being printed on far superior paper.

D. J. C.

High Lights of The French Revolution. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With Illustrations. New York: The Century Co. \$3.00.

In a series of brilliant essays Mr. Belloc describes in these pages the telling moments in the most dramatic hour of modern history. The revolt of the Commons, the flight to Varennes, the storming of the Tuileries, the death of Louis XVI are some of the subjects he treats, and they are connected by introductory notes briefly outlining intermediate events. Interesting and vivid with all the flash of Carlyle, yet not blinding with Carlyle's prejudice, Hilaire Belloc grasps the salient facts of the revolutionary era and presents them in a style at once simple and strong. The writer's power in character study is remarkable. The King and Queen, the revolutionary leaders, as well as the minor actors during France's great upheaval, appear on his pages as living persons, with all the strength and weakness that life unfolds. Belloc has penetrated the genius of the Gaul, and he writes as no mere spectator, but as one whom ties of blood and sympathetic, accurate study have enabled to feel and

know. Probably his appreciation of Lafayette is the queen-jewel in this literary crown. In it we see the idol of the American Revolution weighed in the balance of careful criticism that is kindly as well as fair.

Hilaire Belloc in this late effort has clinched his claim as the foremost English critical historian of the most momentous period in French history. Others have given us their views on the Revolution; Mr. Belloc gives us the Revolution in its strongest phases, and his critical analysis is too keen to be "viewy": it is thought-compelling.

G. C. T.

Storied Italy. By MRS. HUGH FRASER. With Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

Into this ornate holiday volume the author of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands" has gathered a dozen interesting papers, some of which are historical while others describe modern life in Italy. "September, 1914," is a good sketch of the election and career of Pope Benedict XV, "the Pontiff of Peace," and in "A Roman Christmas" there is an amusing account of an adventure an Italian prelate had in New York. He was returning from South America, and not knowing how priests dress "in the States," donned "a rough gray traveling suit, a turndown collar and tie and a pot hat," and, thus attired, went to the Cathedral to say Mass. But when the ecclesiastical authorities rightly insisted on seeing his papers, Monsignore was so indignant that he stalked out of the church and hurried over to Newark, where he found some one who knew him. Throughout this volume Mrs. Frazer's stanch Catholicism is in evidence. In "Romana di Roma," which is a charming little biography of St. Frances, she has an excellent answer for readers who say: "Tell us more about yourself: that interests us, the Saints don't," and observes: "The public that will swallow greedily any silly personal anecdotes about great people, any old scandal wittily related, that besieges the libraries for memoirs that the censor should have suppressed, calls itself too 'educated' to believe in the adventures of the Saints in their warfare for God." In another chapter the author gives a vivid description of the earthquake at Avezzano. If a new edition of this book is called for, perhaps the price could be lowered.

W. D.

An Idyl, Some Sermons and a Song. By OWEN A. HILL, S.J. New York: The Fordham University Press. \$1.00.

Father Hill's little volume deserves a place among our best religious poetry. Its verse is careful and dignified, it abounds in beautiful conceptions, its phrases are rich in suggestion, and into many a line has been infused the warmth of a thoroughly Southern heart and the reverence of a deeply spiritual faith. There are four poems in the book. The first is well called an idyl for although it lacks something of idyllic simplicity it has descriptive passages of much beauty. A love poem, like the idyls of Theocritus and Tennyson, it comes nevertheless with fitness from the pen of a priest, for it tells not only of an earthly love of idealized purity, but also of its sacrifice on the altar of zeal to the higher and more imperious call of the love of God. Although earlier in composition and different in development, the main idea is slightly reminiscent of one of Mgr. Benson's later novels. The second part of the title, which, aside from its being misleading, is forbidding and therefore unfortunate, comprises two poems. The first is a metrical development of the ascetical ideals of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius, which sets forth the tragedy of the Son of Man and the tragedy of the individual soul, each working its way from sin and darkness through sorrow to final triumph and peace. "Atheism, Heresy and Faith" is the strongest of the poems, being a fearless arraignment of the folly and unreasonableness of the enemies of God and Christ, and a delicate presentation of the peace promised to Faith and good-will. The

last poem, which is the most subtle in thought, and the most finished in diction, has for its burden deathless hope. The strength and the weakness of the volume is in the harmony and the struggle between the poet and philosopher; but they harmonize far oftener than they clash.

J. H. F.

That Office Boy. By FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$0.85.

Father Finn has once more given us a book which will be a source of delight to young and old. He has quaffed of the fountain of perpetual youth and years have not robbed him of that buoyancy of spirit and mirth of heart which are the charm of all he writes. He has a secret of his own, an art which is incommunicable and which wins its way straight to the heart of the reader. Years have only brought with them, as his latest story shows, a deeper sympathy, a broader vision and a richer fund of personal experience. His humor throughout is gentle and his fun contagious. His grasp on the realities of life is sure and firm, and he teaches a better social lesson than can be learned from crowded shelves of problem stories and "uplift" essays, with Christianity eliminated. But the finest quality in his works is the deep religious influence of all he writes. "Father Finn's books are a spiritual tonic," some one recently remarked to the reviewer. In them is preserved for us all the bloom of Christian ideals and chivalry which was the charm of the Ages of Faith. The spirit which animated those days of tender yet sturdy Christianity still lives on and we need but rediscover it, as Father Finn has done, in the homes of the Catholic poor. The reader who has well begun "That Office Boy" will be loath to lay it down until he has read to the end and closes it, as the author hopes, "rejoicing."

J. H.

Escape and Other Essays. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson's latest book of essays should prove deeply interesting to all thoughtful readers. His style is highly transparent and delightfully imaginative and emotional; and in the gentle shepherding of his thought he displays an ease and refinement which, as it clearly emanates from the inmost depths of a truly engaging character gives to the personal element in his writing a peculiarly pronounced, if somewhat subtle, attraction. His interpretation of life is large and generous and his range of vision is considerably wider than in his earlier works. The first eight essays are by far the best. The following seven, beginning with the one entitled "Dreams," suffer from being a bit overdrenched with personality, to the extent of striking the reader as slightly too particular and thus losing something of the universality of their emotional appeal. On the other hand there is a decided wistfulness running through the whole work, that lends something of a Virgilian pathos to his thought. This is due in large degree to a certain paleness of conviction, in the face of the realities and deeper mysteries of life, which was characteristic of the beautiful but pagan mind of the Roman poet and which is responsible for a good deal of the supineness of modern literature. Mr. Benson seems to forget that "an overflowing certainty of the true values of life" was no less characteristic of the Catholic Middle Ages than it was of the "earlier teaching of the Gospel"; and if he is out of sympathy with St. Augustine's ascetical attitude toward the beauties of this world and misses the charm in St. Francis' ideas on the value of preaching by example; or if he lays repeated stress on the opposition of what he calls ecclesiastical religion to our sense and yearning for the beautiful, he himself plainly suggests to us from what angle he is judging when, with reference to Puritanism, he says, "We shall take a long time before we can crawl out of the shadow of that dark inheritance."

M. I. X. M.

The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By ANDRÉ LA-GARDE. Translated by ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, PH.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This is one of the volumes of the "International Theological Library," which claims as its parent the late Professor Briggs. The question presents itself: Why should there be such a thing as an International Theological Library? One does not see that nationalism and theology have anything in common. The matter of theology is Divine Revelation and the doctrinal declarations of the teaching Church; and it makes little difference whether these are discussed by a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, or an Irishman. The theologian, as such, is a Christian, a member of the Kingdom of Christ that, throughout the world, knows limits of neither time nor place. The very term, "International Theological Library," implies heresy and schism. But even so, the title is misleading. The library of such pretentious name contains only thirty-five volumes. Of these, one is by a German secretary, another, besides the present book, by a French secretary, the remaining thirty-two are by Americans and Englishmen of various denominations and degrees of unbelief. Perhaps the book before us is assumed to be the Catholic contribution to the library. Were it so, we might have asked: *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* As it is nothing but a heaping together of everything that has ever been said against the Church, the product of an embittered mind, we will occupy ourselves no further with it. H. W.

The Will in Ethics. By THEOPHILUS B. STORK. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25.

Through some two hundred pages the author of this work has made what cannot fail to impress the reader as an honest attempt to answer "an important, perhaps the most important, question in ethics, 'What a good will is.'" In an introductory "shop window" word he essays to acquaint his patrons in a general way with the nature of his thesis and its development. This he does that it may be seen at a glance whether there is "anything within worth looking at under any circumstances by anybody," and further, supposing that there is, whether "this worthy anything is of any worth" to the particular individual who stands hesitatingly on the threshold of the latest door opened by the hand of modern philosophy to show the way to truth. Were one to answer these questions with an eye fixed solely on the subject-matter of the volume in hand, the reply would be in both cases unquestionably affirmative. "The particular will and the Universal will and their mutual relations to each other is," or ought to be, "the most absorbing and important theme that the intellect of man can dwell upon," making, of course, as we should, these two assumptions: First, that by the particular will the author understands that dominant faculty in man whose function it is to express the one necessary tendency of his being towards a goal, very definite and specifically proper to his complex but single nature, and whose actions it is the province of ethics so to guide according to the principles of right reason that they will infallibly bring man to the attainment of that goal. Second, that by the Universal will is meant the will of the Maker of the universe, whose existence as a Personal Being distinct from His creation every sane system of ethics presupposes, and whose infinite intelligence and all-holy purpose in dealing with the works of His hands are the true beacon lights that illumine the way that man should walk on earth. But neither of these two fundamental truths seem to have been grasped by the author.

"The particular will is part of the Universal will, not to be understood or treated as separate, but only as part of the Universal." "The Universal will is made up of the particular

will; they are part of it just as it is part of them." "There is (in man) the craving for reconciliation, not merely with man, but with the all of which men are but a part." These words lead dangerously near to the brink of the pantheistic precipice from which, in at least one passage of his work, the author is sensible enough to shrink in terror. Considerable space is devoted to a discussion, not over clear, of the problem of free will. Here the author's notions are distorted as a consequence of his view of the will itself. He seeks an intricate explanation of that tremendous problem: how may the will act in response to a motive and yet be free? Perhaps a certain prejudice against the schoolmen which Mr. Stork permits to show itself in the last line of an otherwise rather clever foot-note, on page 21, barred his way to the writings of men who could have saved him from this pitfall. J. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

L'Ecole en Chine is the name of an educational monthly which the French Jesuits of the Shanghai Mission started in September. As the Church is now pushing on its work with great vigor in China, the new magazine ought to be very timely and useful, if the contents are always of as practical and valuable a character as are the papers in the first number. *L'Ecole en Chine* is published at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, and the subscription price is \$2.00 a year. AMERICA wishes every success to the venture.—Abbot Aelred's letter in the fall *Par* is more hopeful than heretofore, and the Caldey Benedictines' prospects seem brighter than they were. The monks are very grateful for the help received from American Catholics. In this number of the quarterly there are good papers on Ruskin, on Borrow's "Wild Wales," on the primacy texts in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, and on a recent work about St. Benedict's rule.

"The Grand Duchess Benedicta" (Longmans, \$1.00) is an amusing story that A. E. Burns has written for Catholic schoolgirls. It tells the story of a practical joke that led to direr results than the perpetrators intended, for Sister St. John's aggrieved pupils exploited the Grand Duchess with unexpected success.—"The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.00) tells how four girls of the modern type, who can fish, play hockey, run a motor-boat, drive an automobile, and dance the newest dances, have many stirring adventures during their vacation days. The episode of the lost "maniac" is quite dramatic.—"The Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories" (Doubleday, \$1.25), edited by Asa Don Dickinson, who had previously brought out a volume of children's Christmas stories, contains thirty-one well-chosen tales by various authors, some of which are meant for quite little boys and girls. P. J. Stahl's "Kingdom of the Greedy" and Eugene Field's "Ezra's Thanksgiving Out West" are among the best selections.

"Solid Truths Slightly Sugar-coated," is the apt description given by the Rev. C. D. McEnnery, C.S.S.R., to his collection of "Father Tim's Talks with People He Met" (Herder, \$0.75), for it contains important instructions that are presented more attractively than is common in books of this kind. The paper on "A Happy New Year," and on "The Awakening of Dormant Forces," will give some new ideas to most readers of the volume. In fact there is scarcely a talk that does not bring out some new idea, or at least put an old one in a striking way. Father Tim evidently knows human nature too. He has met it and studied it from its manifestations in the lad who thinks more of where he left his "mitt" than he does of your erudite lecture, to the wooden-headed father who first determines not to send his

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child to the Catholic school and then sets about finding a reason for his action. This is a good book to place in the hands of Catholics, either for their own instruction or to give them a practical example of how instruction may best be imparted to others.

"National Floodmarks: Week by Week Observations on American Life as Seen by *Collier's*" (Doran, \$1.50) is Mark Sullivan's selections from the editorials that have appeared in *Collier's* since he became editor of that journal. Under twenty-three such headings as "Peace and War," "Some Human Beings," "Here Are Ladies," "Home Matters," etc., are arranged the reflections on men and things that Mr. Sullivan and his staff have been moved to publish. We are told that "The only rule there has ever been about the editorials in *Collier's* is that each should be the sincere expression of either a conviction or a mood. They have never been written to order." The campaign waged by our contemporary against dangerous nostrums and the makers of drunkards is particularly praiseworthy, and many will enjoy the tributes the editor pays his stenographer and his proof-reader.

In "The Man Jesus" (Harper, \$1.20), Mary Austin's "brief account of the life and teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth," Our Lord is painted not as He was and is, but as modern criticism and sentimentalism dream He should have been. "The Man Jesus" is a pietistic travesty. It abounds with good descriptions and archeological data; it is, in the main, well-written, but is withal a travesty. It distils the so-called legends of the Gospel narrative, lifts the veil with which Christian piety has shrouded the Prophet of Nazareth, discounts the story of the virgin-birth, desupernaturalizes the Evangelical miracles, revamps an obsolete theory to explain the Resurrection appearances; in a word, depicts Jesus as a mere man, extraordinarily united to "God, the Divine Mind, The Eternal Purpose, of the nature of which men are partakers, as the son partakes of the father."

"Noble Lives of a Noble Race" is a series of reproductions by the pupils of St. Mary's Industrial School, Odanah, Wis. It first appeared in the class-room in manuscript form, and its object was simply to acquaint the Indian children with the characters and qualities of their race, and to familiarize them with such literature as dealt particularly with their people. At the earnest solicitation of friends, and with the hope of materially aiding the school, these pages are now given to the public. Reflecting credit alike on the devoted Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration and on their diligent pupils, the volume will afford hours of instructive, entertaining and edifying reading.—The Rev. James Linden, S.J., has recently compiled an excellent "Catechism of the Catholic Religion" (Herder, \$0.25). It is quite complete, and is so arranged that it may be used in different grades. Questions marked with an asterisk may be omitted when the catechism is first studied; important questions are underscored, while frequently helpful explanations and suggestive applications are added in small type.

Mr. Gilbert Murray, the famous classicist, has done well to put in permanent form his Conway Memorial Lecture, "The Stoic Philosophy" (Putnam, \$0.75). For the book, though far from acceptable on a few points, is yet a lucid exposition of the central principles of an organized system of pre-Christian thought worthy of study. The style of the lecturer is simple, his thought clear, though not always compelling, a defect due rather to the system under exposition than to the expositor himself.—The La Salle Extension University of Chicago has sent out Hugo Münsterberg's "Business Psychology" (\$2.00) in a form

that leaves nothing to be desired in binding, paper and print. The book, which is intended as a text book, is extremely interesting, and though there are portions of it that cannot be recommended for orthodoxy, yet there are other portions that will prove of great value to employers and employees in search of direction in their daily tasks.

In his "Life of George Washington, Father of Modern Democracy" (Longmans, \$1.00) the Very Rev. James O'Boyle, V.F. shows himself an enthusiastic admirer of the person, character and achievements of George Washington. He has read extensively about the American Colonies, the Revolution and our Government. Perhaps he tends toward the ideal in sketching the early days of his hero. He does not pretend to have made any original investigations about his subject, but follows the standard authorities. Washington has been credited with the authorship of the "Rules for Civilities," which have come down to us in his handwriting. But it is known that many of them were in use long before his time, in Jesuit colleges in France and that they found their way to Fredericksburg, Va., by way of England. The lesson of Washington's devotion to the cause of democracy will always be inspiring and it is peculiarly valuable to Ireland at the present time.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Richard G. Badger, Boston:

Religious Education, and For the Healing of the Church. By W. A. Lambert. \$0.75.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:

Interpretations of Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. 2 Vols. \$6.00; Modern Austria: Her Racial and Social Problems. By Virginia Gayda. \$3.00; Court-Life from Within. By H. R. H. The Infanta Eulalia of Spain. Illustrated. \$2.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:

Over There. War Scenes on the Western Front. By Arnold Bennett. \$1.25; Theism and Humanism. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, P.C., F.R.S., D.L., M.P. \$1.75; These Twain. By Arnold Bennett. \$1.50; Through Terror to Triumph—Speeches and Pronouncements of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Since the Beginning of the War. Arranged by F. L. Stevenson, B.A. (Lond.) \$1.00; Vagrant Memories, Being Further Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. \$3.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:

France at War on the Frontier of Civilization. By Rudyard Kipling. \$0.50; The Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. \$1.25; Kipling's India. By Arley Munson. \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

Back to Shakespeare. By Herbert Morse. \$2.00; Fate and Free-Will. By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, M.A.; The Story of the Bible. By Eugene Stock. \$0.75; Katrinka, the Story of a Russian Child. By Helen Eggleston Haskell. \$1.25; Attila and the Huns. By Edward Hutton. \$2.00.

Harper & Bros., New York:

Plashers Mead. By Compton Mackenzie. \$1.35.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. \$1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

More Jonathan Papers. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. \$1.25; America at Work. By Joseph Husband. \$1.00; Scally, the Story of a Perfect Gentleman. By Ian Hay. \$0.75; A History of Medieval and Modern Europe. By William Stearns Davis, Assisted by Norman Shay McKendrick. \$1.50; The Baby's First Two Years. By Richard M. Smith, M.D. \$0.75; The Book of Musical Knowledge; the History, Technique, and Appreciation of Music. Together with Lives of the Great Composers. By Arthur Elson. \$3.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:

Thoughts of the Servant of God, Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Translated from the French "Pensées," by an Irish Carmelite. \$0.60.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Inquisition, a Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. New Edition. \$0.50; The Church of Christ, Its Foundation and Constitution. By Father Peter Finlay, S.J. \$1.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:

The Road to Dublin, the Adventures of Seumas Beg. By James Stephens. \$1.00; The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. \$1.00.

The Page Co., Boston:

The Spell of Belgium. By Isabel Anderson. \$2.50; Pollyanna Calendar; the Glad Book. Compiled by Eleanor H. Porter. \$1.50.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Heart of Europe. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. \$2.50; Fountains of Papal Rome. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. \$2.50.

Pierre Téqui, Paris:

L'Apostolat de la Jeunesse pendant l'Année de la Guerre. Abbé L. J. Bretonneau. 2 fr.; La Sainte Eucharistie. R. P. Ed. Hugon, O.P. 3 fr., 50c.

EDUCATION

We Practise What You Preach

THE eminent professor of psychology sat meditatively gazing into his grate, warming his soul at the brisk fire. The attitude was conventional and the exterior person of the professor was conventional; but aside from that there was little conventionality in the man. On the table near at hand lay the manuscript of the lecture he was to deliver to his class on the morrow, and now he sat conjuring up the faces of the two hundred young men who would drink in his revolutionary doctrine with something akin to excitement. All the afternoon he had labored at that lecture; blow after blow of his trip-hammer logic he had aimed at the obsolete doctrine of free will, and now the lecture lay there a miniature bomb ready for the terrific explosion.

THE THEORY

Beginning with the self-evident proposition that man is a mere physico-chemical machine without more soul than a billiard ball, he had traced the compelling power of heredity and environment upon the actions of that machine. "There is no such thing as sin," so ran his triumphant conclusion; "crime is but a psychical disease. Man is no more responsible for his crimes than he is for his weak tonsils, his falling hair or his tendency to insanity. With the delusion of free will, primitive man tickled his vanity. Science knows that it is as false as his creed in a happy hunting ground. Man is not free, but a slave."

The flame in the grate flickered, died down, then leaped into new life. There was an uproarious shout in the street such as only college boys can or dare utter. A moment's pause and then was heard a sharp rap at his door.

"Come in!" said the professor, who prided himself on his personal interest in his students. The door was flung open upon a youth whose clothes were a taunt to dignified reserve. He stood for a moment abashed in the sacred shrine of learning, and then impulsively offered the professor his hand.

"I've just dropped in," he said, "to congratulate you on your afternoon lecture on free will. It was the most important event in my life."

For a moment the professor was puzzled. He glanced at his desk calendar. To be sure, he had delivered that revolutionary lecture this very afternoon. Why had he fancied it was to be tomorrow?

"Sit down, my boy," he said, and his glowing countenance cast the flickering fire into complete shadow. "Delighted! Glad you liked it. It's a satisfaction to know that the undergraduate appreciates the fruits of years of mature study. Here, sit in this comfortable chair."

"Thanks," said the youth, "but I can't. The fellows are waiting for me. We're off for a night of it—down there."

The youth pointed through the window out into the night. Instinctively the professor turned to follow the line of his finger to where a blaze of white light glowed against the dull sky of a winter evening. It was a mysterious light, compounded of arc lamps and incandescent bulbs, of flashing diamonds and shimmering shoulders, of candles burning at both ends and the scorched wings of moths.

THE APPRECIATION

"I've never been there before," said the youth; "I've sort of clung to the creed of my youth which made me pray to be delivered from temptation. I felt a responsibility for my future, and I didn't want to take risks. But thanks to your lecture, I know that all this talk of responsibility is poppycock; and so I'm off with the crowd. The fellows say that down there it's glorious until midnight, and it's glorious to the fifth power."

Why didn't you give that lecture months ago? I've been a fool in missing the fun."

"My boy," said the professor, wiping away the sudden dampness that chilled his brow, "sit down a moment. You see—that is, you mustn't take my words too literally. I—"

"Look here," said the youth almost fiercely, "you're not backing down on what you said this afternoon, are you?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the professor, snatching wildly at the house that he saw falling suddenly about his ears. "Not that, but—"

"Well, that's all. Good night! I'd feel like the deuce hitting the pace if I really were responsible for it. But you said yourself a chap can't fight down his wild, hereditary impulses; he can't resist the chemical and physical forces that draw him on in spite of himself. I'd fancied I had succeeding in breaking the devil in me; but I know now that I was no more free in doing good than I shall be in tripping the primrose path. And the second's a lot easier. Thank you and good night!"

"My boy," the professor's voice was pitched high, "won't you stay with me instead. I'll explain further just what I mean. You don't quite grasp—"

The young man hesitated just a moment. There was a warning shout from the street below.

"No," he answered, "thanks just the same. I've given the crowd my word I'd go. I've fought them off for a long time with my conscientious scruples. When they invited me for a night of it, I told them honestly I had to take care of my soul. But after the lecture I didn't dare say that; and when they joked me about flattering myself that I was free to care for what does not really exist, you had left me no answer. So I pledged my word."

RESULTS

"You're lucky, Professor; you're not free to be bad if you wanted to. Here with the fascination of your books and studies, hedged in by strong public opinion, with your chemical forces as quiet as a crystalline compound after evaporation, everything forces you to be respectable. But study doesn't attract me, and life and light and laughter and love, and the whole alliterative group, do. There is no public opinion for me except that all college men have a certain acreage to be sown plentifully with wild oats, while the chemical forces of my nature are boiling and effervescing like Dante's sulphuric baths."

"And now I can take the whole group of 'L's' to my heart, scatter wild oats till the seed sack is empty, and let the chemical forces of my nature bubble up and boil over; for I'm no more responsible than the Frankenstein was for the ruin in its wake. When I believed in free will I was a slave; with the knowledge of slave will, I am free."

As another shout from below reached the lad, he turned to go. "I'm off," he said, almost sadly, "I'd rather hate to have mother and the girls hear of this; but even if I smash their hearts I'm not responsible for that either; so I've got to take the risk. If I sleep in class tomorrow, Professor, I'll not be to blame for that either."

The door slammed and the professor rushed wildly to the window. Below a crowd of boisterous youths were welcoming the recruit with enthusiasm. Into the throbbing cars they tumbled, and away they went into the darkness that lay between the college and that seductive strip of light, with horns shrieking and the gleam of their lamps piercing a rent in the shadow of the night.

Trembling, panic stricken, at the sense of his own responsibility, the professor stood with his eyes following that flying car. It was he who had stripped the youth of the one thing that had held him back from moral ruin. His hands had flung down the bars to these turbulent passions. The sins of the youth were on his doddering old head. What though his theories were right,

that free will was a foolish dream, had it not been better a thousand times that he had never spoken? Oh, to be able to bind in once more the wild passions he had loosened, he would give—

SCIENCE TRIUMPHS

The flame in the grate flickered and died down and then leaped into new life. The professor half sprang from his chair. On the table lay his lecture with the ink fresh upon it. The desk calendar registered the day previous to the day set for its delivery. With a quick movement he seized the manuscript and thrust it toward the flame. He paused; smoothed the crumpled page gently, his eyes turning slowly toward that light still glowing against the wintry sky. He read the opening sentence thoughtfully, and then carefully laid the paper back on the table.

"Let science prevail," he murmured, "though the heavens fall."

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Woman's Right

I SAW a picture the other day in the window of a department-store. Its gorgeous frame was an offense to the eye, the coloring was garish. Only its theme, hackneyed as the sunrise or spring violets, redeemed it. For it represented a mother with two little children at her knee, and the legend was written below, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

There is a beauty in this picture that many will not find in the choicest treasures at the Metropolitan, and so much purity and sweetness that one stands before it as in the presence of a holy thing, with head uncovered. And it is sacred. God who saw in motherhood a type of His own great love for the world, has consecrated it and has enjoined upon mothers duties that are only less than sacerdotal. In the heart of woman He has placed the world's great miracle, mother-love, and into her hands He has given the souls of these little ones to be loved and cherished and trained, and in the end returned to Him from whom they came.

REVERENCE FOR WOMAN

We go afar into the dreary fields of lost souls and broken bodies to study the causes of human wreckage; we build up a great mass of theory to explain why men have thrown themselves away; we elaborate measures of prevention or reconstruction; and in the end we wonder what all this endless speculation is worth. In the wonderment is recognition, unacknowledged perhaps, that the cradle of all morality and civilization is the home made possible by the love and sacrifice of a mother. So long as the world has mothers who are mothers, and women who like Una, walk innocent and unafraid, our civilization is secure. But when man's reverence for woman dies, or woman's reverence for herself, when motherhood is regarded as a burden or a social crime, and to keep one's soul unspotted is thought the mark of imbecility, then the world has fallen into the ways of perversion that lead quickly and inevitably to the downfall of society.

A LOST VIRTUE

There was a time in the history of the world when all flesh had worked corruption, and it repented God that He had made man. Are we striving to reproduce that fatal period in the twentieth century? To keep society from becoming wholly vile, a latent respect for womanhood seems often to survive in hearts utterly unworthy, like embers under ashes. But how long can this feeble glow be sustained after man's lack of reverence for woman, and worse, woman's lack of reverence for herself, has become a public menace?

Consider the public's amusements, the stage and the opera; scan the pages of the books that sell, and the magazines which boast a million subscribers and six million monthly readers, and their common theme, the dishonor of woman, is readily discernible. Were a dweller in Mars to visit the most crowded theaters what conclusion could be drawn other than that in America woman is but a toy for moments of ignoble ease, a shirker of most sacred duties, a rebel against the restraints of common decency, a wrecker of homes, a mere animal, and a thing of public shame? "This is an exhibition," wrote the dramatic critic of a New York newspaper, "in which the word 'woman' is never mentioned without a sneer, a grimace, a wink or a leer." The millions who during the year return like the sow and the dog of Scripture to contemplate the "artistic triumphs" of this stage, soon lose what lingering reverence they may have cherished, not perhaps, for their mothers and sisters, but for the integrity of womanly virtue, the preservation of which is of the supremest importance for right order and right living.

MODERN LIBERTY

Against this attack on womanhood, sometimes open, sometimes insidious, sometimes made with an artistic pretense but oftener frankly indecent, none but weak and beggarly legal measures may be taken. The drunkard who throws a brick through the window of the theatrical promoter's automobile is properly jailed; the promoter himself, battenning on the degradation of womanhood, will proceed unhindered by the fragments and splinters to a meeting of the Civic League, where he will discourse oilily on the ethical (and commercial) value of the drama. For we are wedded to our idols; personal liberty is our chiefest deity; the worship of Astarte in public places we hold to be a matter purely personal, of no concern to the guardians of the public weal. We trade in lubricity and call it life; we muddy the very sources of human existence and proclaim it an emancipation from the slavery of medieval marriage laws; and the very finest flower of individual liberty is freedom to think as we please, to publish what we please, and to act as we please, within the limit of lax laws indulgently interpreted. Let others care for themselves; they are of age. Meanwhile learned societies with sprats for members who talk like whales, discuss with pompous futility the prevalence of the social evil.

FALSE LEADERS

Nor can woman evade her share of the responsibility for the low plane which she is now taking in public estimation. The greater social and political movements in which she has engaged most assuredly have not increased, nor have been calculated to increase, woman's truest right, which is to be held in reverence. By self-appointed leaders much has been written and spoken on the rights of woman; very little if anything on the duties of woman, for we do not accept their grotesque and wholly unwarranted notion of what duty is. In public conventions they have prated loudly and with an abysmal ignorance of the facts of human nature, of the tremendous reforms to be wrought through the ballot and by woman's participation in the functions of government, in every phase of social, mercantile and political life. They have cuddled the factory child, they have sobbed with the downtrodden shopgirl, they have wept mightily over the harried outcast; and proposing to abolish these acknowledged enormities by votes, they rested their case.

DESTROYERS

But we do not recall a single convocation in which the advocates of Feminism either dared one word against pagan education, indecent fashions in dress, a degraded stage, race-suicide or divorce; or showed that in these vile outcroppings they recognized the least degree of danger to the State; or urged woman's peculiar fitness and duty to fight against them. On the contrary,

the world has come to associate the new woman with a new and hideous code of immorality. But a few days ago, one representative of this new dispensation, announced that it was the duty of all married women to make homes impossible until such time as women were granted the vote; nor is this an isolated instance, as the pages of the metropolitan press during the last year will bear witness. When woman has reached the pass in which she has no reverence for herself and is willing to proclaim her shamelessness in the public press, we must hold up as types of womanly excellence, not our mothers, but the degraded denizens of the African West Coast.

BUILDERS

It is well for the world that so many in it "show us," in Wordsworth's fine phrase, "how divine a thing woman may be made." One thinks at once of the Sisterhoods, those guardian angels of our schools, our hospitals, our countless refuges for the friendless, for the sore and wounded in soul and body; of our wonderful Catholic mothers; of our young Catholic women who either in the home or beyond its walls, prove the salutary influence of religion in their daily lives. And there are thousands of households outside the Fold, where the noblest ideals of true womanhood are held in reverence, homes where nightly some good woman after the work of the day, bows her tired head to listen to the simple prayer that rises from the heart of a child to the Heart of Christ. Homes such as these, and only these, can keep the current of our social life clear and untainted. Without them children are lost, save by a moral miracle, to all good influences, even to that of the Church itself, and the wisest schemes for social regeneration are as the mere crackling of thorns under the pot.

REVERENCE OR DESECRATION

The only body which today as always, dares boldly rebuke the invader of the home and the desecrator of woman is the Catholic Church. May God grant that through her hallowing influence, all who believe that woman must be held "a thing ensky'd and sainted" if she is not to be regarded as something lighter than a dicer's oath, may find and spread an increase in this needed spirit of reverence for woman. Not votes for women but reverence for woman from all men, and more reverence for woman from herself, is the great want in this evil day. "Earth's noblest thing," writes Lowell, "is a woman perfected." She reaches that perfection not by arrogating functions which neither God nor society has assigned her, but by giving herself, with the full devotion of mind and soul and body, to the great work which God has put into her hand.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A collection of paintings by Father Gonzalo Carrasco, S.J., is now on exhibition at the Loyola School, 65 East Eighty-third Street, New York City. "There is a richness of color in Father Carrasco's work," writes a critic, "striking yet subdued, carrying with it a thought of glaring sun-lit squares without, and cool shaded porticoes within; a gentleness, a purity and an indescribable something that may best be defined as national temperament. Father Carrasco has strongly impressed upon his work the force of his own personality and the expression of the highest artistic ideals of his native Mexico." The artist, a man of unusual genius, who has spent his whole life in artistic and educational labors, was exiled from Mexico by the direct orders of that eminent patron of the good, the true and the beautiful, Mr. Carranza. The exhibition will remain on view at Loyola School for some weeks.

The recent defeat of a new municipal ownership proposition

at the polls in Detroit is of more than passing significance. Detroit had already shown a leaning toward municipal ownership of public utilities in acquiring its own electric lighting plant. The latest proposition placed before the voters related to the municipal ownership of traction lines. The price for these was to be set by the circuit court. The management was not to be entrusted to politicians, but to three "of the biggest and most thoroughly trusted men in Detroit." One of these was James Couzens, who until lately had held no less responsible a position than that of vice-president and general-manager of the Ford Automobile Company. Yet the measure failed to receive public approval. Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, the three cities which have greatly agitated the traction question, have all contented themselves with assuming public control or regulation of the transportation systems rather than by adopting municipal ownership of them.

In a recent study of wealth and income conditions in the United States, Dr. Willford Isbell King comes to the conclusion that wealth is distributed pretty much the same way in Great Britain, France, Prussia and our own country. "In every instance the richest two per cent of the people own considerably more property than all the rest of the population. In no instance does the poorer sixty-five per cent of the inhabitants control much more than one-twentieth part of the property." Our rich have been steadily growing richer: but it does not follow from this that the poor have become poorer. They too, are gaining in wealth, though not in the same proportion as their wealthier brethren. His general conclusion therefore is that all classes are gradually becoming richer. This can be accepted as sufficiently accurate, though it still leaves the world filled with misery and poverty. The immense fortunes of the few, moreover, and the vulgar display of money continue to arouse the envy of the poorer classes and to furnish fuel for the fire of popular discontent.

The famous Spanish Socialist and freethinker Tomas Santos Garcia was recently reconciled to the Catholic Church. His defection from the Faith of his childhood he attributes to the reading of pernicious literature. Rejecting the authority of the Church he became by degrees one of the foremost Masonic and Socialist leaders of Spain. His case may be considered as typical of almost all who pass from Catholicism into the camp of radical Socialism. Socialists themselves are best aware of this. A press campaign conducted to rob men of their loyalty to the Church and its priesthood is considered the first step towards the perversion of Catholic workingmen. Though the victims of this propaganda frequently see the true inwardness of the movement and the sham for which it stands, yet only too often they have been so tinged with the scarlet dye of class hatred and infidelity that they refuse to return to the truth they foolishly cast aside. It was the splendid Christian example of the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at Vigo, and the unselfishness of his practical charity, which won the heart of Señor Garcia and brought him back into the Fold. The argument of personal self-sacrifice used by Ozanam to refute the Saint Simonians has again produced its effect in the case of the modern Socialist and freethinker. "Behold how they love one another" is a test which can find its perfect application only in the Saints of God. Experience had convinced the disillusioned Garcia that ninety-five per cent of the leaders in the radical movements are merely hypocrites, serving their own pockets rather than the cause of humanity, for which they plead in such thrilling tones.

The Report of the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association has come to hand, with its wealth of

suggestive ideas and its inspiring appeals for Catholics to aim at ever higher levels of perfection in their educational institutions throughout the country. The Association has become a necessary factor in the development of Catholic activity. It unites our Catholic educators not merely for progress along educational lines, but for a solid defense of Catholic education itself which is still surrounded by dangers on every side. Constant watchfulness alone can preserve our interests in these critical times and prevent the insidious workings of anti-Catholic lobbyists. For this purpose association is necessary, no less than a high standard of individual efficiency in our teaching faculties and the heads of our many Catholic schools. These schools themselves are being better understood and more fully appreciated by the American public as the years advance. In the very opening discourse printed in the extensive Report of the Association Archbishop Ireland refers to this fact:

Our shrinkage from contact with the secularized school was interpreted as opposition to knowledge itself, as a covert effort on the part of the Church to hold her people in the darkness of servitude. Catholic schools among the most efficient in the land, priests and people eager to uphold and multiply them, unlimited sacrifices that all our children be educated and rise high in scholarship, have made clear that the Church in America is the friend and abettor of education, from the lowest primary schoolroom to the most learned university. He who runs may read: he who still in America prattles of the Catholic Church as the fosterer of mental ignorance is incapable of seeing the sun in the splendor of its noonday ray.

It is to be desired that those interested in Catholic education who did not have the opportunity to attend the convention itself will familiarize themselves with the printed pages of its proceedings. The various papers and their discussions cannot fail of being instructive and inspiring. Non-Catholics too should be interested in learning to know at closer range that system which offers "the only considerable educational work done in this country based on the principle that religion is the foundation of all true education," a system which at the same time represents "the most important educational work carried on under free initiative without the aid of public taxes, or the revenue of large endowments."

"Slaughter in the Streets" is the expression used by the *New York Times* for the deplorable loss of human lives due to recklessly propelled vehicles:

Within the city limits in the month of October forty-three persons were killed by automobiles, six by trolley cars and four by wagons. Manhattan shows the greatest increase in automobile accidents of this kind. If as many persons were killed in one month by one contagious disease, such as diphtheria or smallpox, the whole community would be aroused. Within the first nine months of this year 142 persons were killed by automobiles in the city. In the October record twenty-seven of the victims were children under seventeen years.

This slaughter can be stopped or at least lessened. Eighty-seven persons were arrested in New York City on a certain day for reckless driving. The consequence was that there were very few occasions for arrest for the days immediately following. The strict enforcement of the law and due support given to the police would rapidly reduce the evil, now unfortunately on the increase, and prevent, save for some unavoidable accidents, the "slaughter in the streets."

Protestants are calling for ever greater funds to make possible their Bible propaganda. The New York Bible Society distributed throughout New York City itself 300,000 copies of the Scriptures during the past year, besides giving 31,181 volumes to the immigrants landing at Ellis Island, and 15,702 to the seamen on vessels in the harbor of New York. The Bibles thus distributed were printed in forty-seven languages and in raised type for the

blind. While the promiscuous distribution alone of the Holy Scripture is far from sufficient and the volumes thus scattered can by themselves produce but little, if any effect, the fact must not be overlooked that Pope Benedict XV has given special encouragement to the Catholic propaganda of judiciously spreading the Holy Scriptures. Attention has already been called in the Catholic press to a Roman letter, dated June 15 of this year, and addressed to Dr. Korum, Bishop of Treves. The Prelate is earnestly commended by the Holy Father for the important apostolate undertaken by him. The official letter of approbation sent to Dr. Korum from Rome says:

The work in which your Lordship is so zealously engaged, the wide distribution of the Scriptures, has in our days become a mission of greatest charity, because of the fact that the sublime book can be used for the comfort of the war prisoners and the wounded, for which the present edition is destined. Meanwhile the Holy Father expresses words of deepest praise and encouragement to your Lordship and all those that have supported and assisted you in this holy apostolate, granting at the same time as a token of his fatherly benevolence the petitioned Apostolic Benediction.

It is to be noted, however, that it is not the mere distribution of the Bible the Holy Father approves, but the spreading of the Bible accompanied by the proper explanation. The special handy pocket edition here in question, published under the auspices of the Bishop of Treves is a translation prepared by Professor James Ecker and highly praised by the Pope not only for "the excellent language in which it is written," but likewise for "the addition of notes from the Fathers." Without the light of the Church cast upon the open pages of the Sacred Book the reader can but exclaim with the eunuch of Queen Candace in answer to Philip's question: "Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest?" "And how can I, unless some man shew me?" The same Spirit of the Lord who spoke through Philip must speak to the reader of Scripture through the Church and her appointed teachers.

A recent dispatch from London announced the death of the distinguished Franciscan, Father David Fleming. Born in Killarney in 1851, he entered the Franciscan Order in 1869 and was ordained in Ghent in 1875. From that time till his last sickness his career was active and distinguished. Many and arduous duties fell to his lot, and he performed them with singular prudence and success. As professor of philosophy, superior of convents, Definitor-General of the United Franciscan Order, Vicar-General of the Order of Friars Minor, secretary to the Commission on Biblical Studies, Consultor of the Holy Office, he won the admiration and praise of all who were thrown into contact with him.—A second death of the week was that of Dr. Booker T. Washington, which took place at Tuskegee, Alabama, on the morning of November 14. In his early struggles "to make something of himself," to use his own phrase, Dr. Washington presents a rare example of pluck and perseverance. As a small child he toiled in a factory from four in the morning until late at night, but his desire for an education never left him, and the stenciled addresses on the barrels rolled into the factory formed his first primer. To find larger opportunities he walked from his home in a little West Virginia town to Hampton Institute in Virginia, where his first assignment, given by way of a combined entrance and character examination, was to sweep out the class rooms. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Harvard in 1896, and in recognition of his work among his people, Dartmouth made him a Doctor of Laws in 1901. In sharp contrast to the visionary and somewhat revolutionary schemes proposed by others of his race, Dr. Washington's well-considered plans for the education of his people met a large measure of success.